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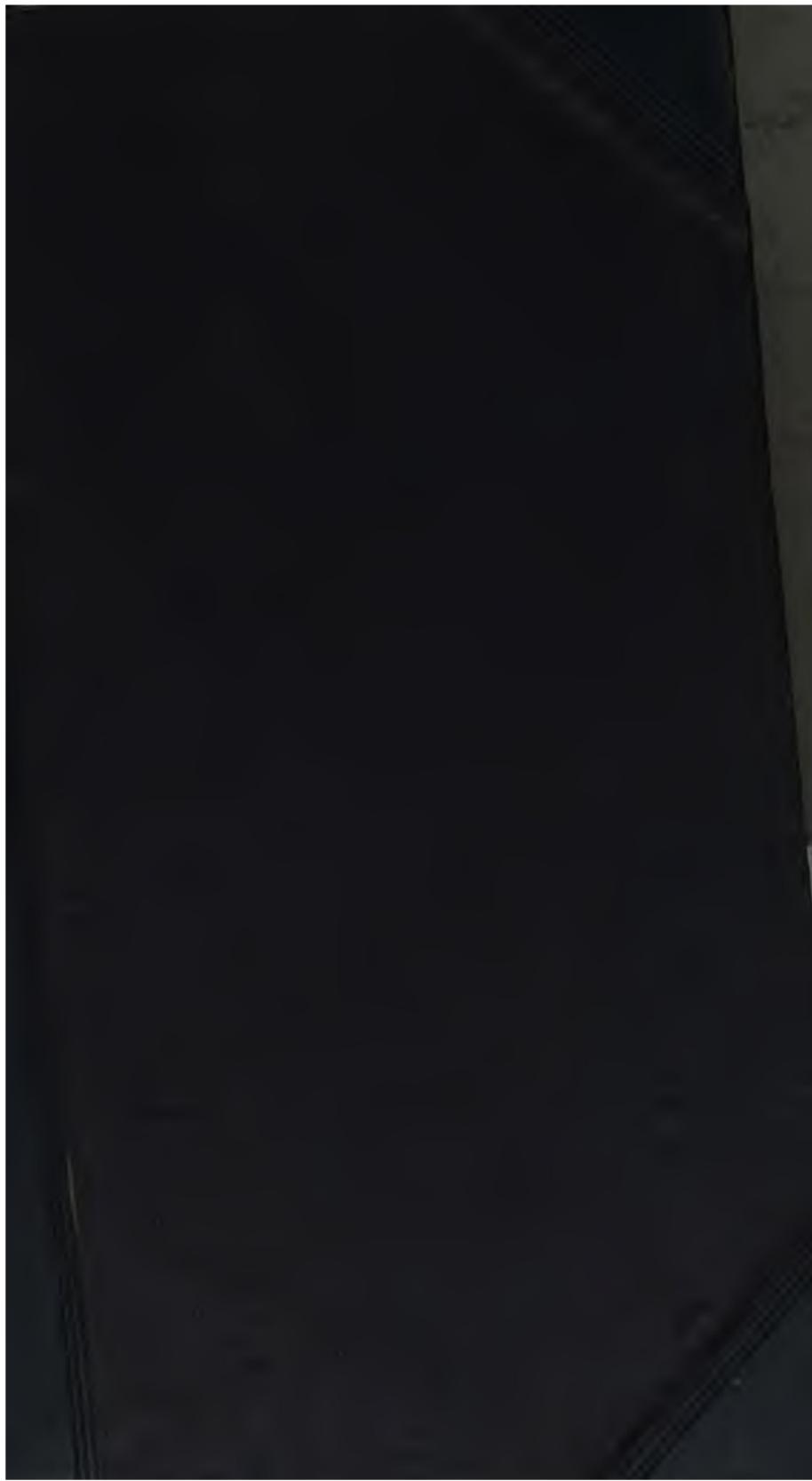
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MADNESS THE RAGE;

OR,

*MEMOIRS*

OF

*A Man without a Name.*

---

VOL. I.



# ADNESS THE RAGE;

OR,

## MEMOIRS

OF

### *A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.*

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Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;  
Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,  
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: huc propius me,  
Dum doceo insanire omnes; vos ordine adite.

HORAT.

—Nunc accipe quare  
Desipient omnes.

HORAT.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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## PREFACE.

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"PERDITION seize the Muses!" exclaimed a voice, "Perdition seize them! I abjure the beggarly tribe for ever!" The door was half open: so tempting an opportunity I could not resist, and I entered.

A young man was seated at a table, on which were spread, in promiscuous disorder, paper, books, a tobacco-pipe, an ink-stand, and a porter-mug. Upon my entrance, he started up, and exclaimed—

"My dear Sir, I am prodigiously

glad to see you. How can I serve you? Sonnet, ode, madrigal, or elegy: I have them all at your service; sonnets more tender than *Petrarch's*; odes more sublime than *Pindar's*; madrigals more amorous than *Waller's*; and elegies more plaintive than *Tibullus's*."

I explained to the author, for such he appeared to be, that I wanted neither sonnet, nor ode, nor madrigal, nor elegy, but was merely attracted by the singular expressions I had heard him utter as I passed near his door.

" My dear, Sir," he answered, " the Muses have used me most ungratefully. I entered into their service many years since; but though I have sedulously and unremittingly served them, they have suffered me to languish in poverty. Indeed, I am quite a martyr to their

**c**ause, my father having disinherited me, under an impression that I was *non compos*. In brief, after having written all my pens to the stump, and my fingers to the bone; after having fretted, and fasted, and starved, during the last ten years, in the service of these niggardly patrons, I had just come to the resolution to cut the connexion, and to sell off the few manuscripts that I have by me; for you see my other moveables have been kindly moved away by my landlady, as a security for her rent."

I asked him what he expected for his manuscripts, which lay in wild disorder in a trunk in the corner. He mentioned a small sum, which, in pity to his sufferings, I immediately handed over to him. And now, my good Sir, conti-

nued the author, “ you have made me the happiest of men.”

“ I will purchase myself a decent suit, and betake myself to the counting-house of an old friend of my late father, where I shall receive a good salary, although I shall have plenty to do for it. From henceforth, I shall make use of no other *figures* save those used in pounds, shillings and pence. I shall take no other *flights* save those to *Islington*, or *Hackney*. I shall prefer a glass of *brown stout* to all the waters of Helicon; and I shall beg leave to quit the service of those mistresses, who never pay *in specie*, but in *paper*, and that too not *current*; and who suffer us to fatten, if we can, upon the substantial feed of air.”

I congratulated him upon the good

sense of his intentions, and we parted. I immediately hastened home to inspect my purchase : I found it contained a number of scraps of poetry; many loose essays; some satirical effusions; and a manuscript entitled, *Madness the Rage; or Memoirs of a Man without a Name.*

Struck with the singularity of the title, I opened the manuscript; it was written in a different hand from the others, which alone would be sufficient to induce a persuasion, that it was not the production of the same person, although the style and composition had not been, as they were, so decidedly different from the style and composition of all the other papers, as to place the fact beyond all possibility of question.

I perused the manuscript with no less pleasure than avidity; and I began to

think of giving it to the world. But, that I might do nothing rashly, I resolved to take the opinion of some of my friends upon the subject. I therefore put the manuscript into my pocket, and set off to call upon them, having taken the precaution to carry a pencil with me, for the purpose of drawing it over any part to which objections should be made.

The first person I called upon was a man of approved *prudence*; one whose actions having ever been regulated by sage caution and mature reflection, was esteemed by the whole parish as a perfect *Sir Oracle*; a man who never spoke but in apophthegms and proverbs.

With the most profound veneration, I approached this highly-applauded be-

ing, dreading his censure as a sentence of death ; praying for his approbation as a passport to eternal fame. The moment he cast his eyes on the title, he exclaimed, “*Umph!*”—*Umph!* re-echoed my feelings as they fell below the freezing point. He took off his spectacles, wiped them very carefully, shut them up, put them into the case, and then, having stirred the fire, and hemmed three times, this mountain in labour approached his delivery.

“ Young man,” he said, “ it is my opinion that the *title* of your book is by no means proper. I have many reasons for thinking that it is highly dangerous : nor is this all ; it is deficient in that respect and good-breeding, to which society is entitled from all the members who compose it ; for certainly nothing can more decidedly violate respect and

good-breeding than to call your book,  
*Madness the Rage.*"

He was going on; but as I knew he would stick to his objections to the title, although he descanted until Doomsday, and as I thought, that in the profundity of his prudence, he might proceed to discover what did not exist, I retired with no very high respect for the talents of those who, as Yorick would say, could see treason where no treason was meant nor intended.

My next application was to a man of deep learning, if a knowledge in those antiquated trifles, which the good sense of mankind has concurred with time in forgetting, ought to be called learning. It was, he said, worthy of diligent inquiry to ascertain the *name* of the author; and if I would delay the publica-

tion until he had given the world the two folios he was about to send forth upon the *Sandal of Helen*, he would write a treatise upon the subject.

I thanked him for his offer ; but I told him I could not think of monopolizing his talents for such a purpose, and I therefore declined it, especially as I was apprehensive it might induce him to delay his immortal work on *Helen's Sandal* ; for which I heard the world was impatient. Is it not Sterne that says there are a good many husks and shells in literature ?

My third visit was paid to a lady, whose feelings and taste were much applauded by all the novel-reading girls in her parish. She cast her eyes over a few chapters, and then said the work would never do.

“ Why, my dear Madam ? ”

“ Why ? ” reiterated this female devotee of feeling, “ Why, Sir ? How can you possibly ask the question ? —Love ! divine pulsation ! thrilling perfection ! essential intelligence ! inscrutable sympathy ! Say, Sir, where is it in your manuscript ? ”

“ My dear Madam,” I replied, “ I do not quite understand you ; there is love and love enough for any *reasonable* man.”

“ You are mistaken, Sir,” she answered. “ Love ought to *glisten* in every page ; *glow* in every passage ; *warm* in every line, and *burn* in every word.”

“ My dear Madam, you would raise such a *flame* as would inevitably con-

*sume the book, the author, and his reputation, at one and the same moment."*

"Do not tell me," she retorted. "Love is the whole business of life: all other concerns are tame, gross, and insipid. Do not tell me that a good novel is a picture of life, it is a picture of *love*; and every thing not connected with the divine passion should be blotted from the canvas. Here," she exclaimed, putting a novel into my hands, "here is a work executed as it ought to be."

I cast my eyes over the table of contents; I found that the hero had fought four duels, killed three rivals, plunged twice into a roaring torrent, had gone into exile, &c. &c.; and had at last married the heroine, who had been in situations of so critical a nature, as

would have excited the suspicions of any man less in love than the hero. The result of all the different events of the piece, when summed up, amounted to fourteen duels, twenty-four murders, forty-nine faintings, five hundred and fifty-four letters, two thousand dreams, fifteen thousand sighs, an upset, a shipwreck, and five weddings. Never, perhaps, were nuptials more opportune. I did not wonder that the poor devils should have been driven into marriage, to escape such a succession of misfortunes as pelted them during their state of *single blessedness!*

Having returned this immaculate production into the hands of its fair patron, I bowed and retired, being firmly persuaded that the belief of mankind is by no means in proportion to the truth of their opinions; and that, though the

enlightened mind may doubt, superstition and ignorance will not forfeit their prerogative, but sleep as securely, as they believe implicitly.

My next visit was to a lady, less, as I thought, the dupe of feeling; and from whom, as her imagination was not so much heated, I expected a more sober judgment; but, perhaps, when I have detailed the result of my conference, the reader may be inclined to think, that though her imagination did not glow, her judgment doated. She told me, with a very serious air, that I had not narrative enough, and that the reasoning parts of the work ought entirely to be omitted. It was in vain I urged, that I did not consider myself bound to reject an opinion, nor a sentiment connected with the design of the author, or which naturally flowed from the premises:

that the author's opinions and sentiments were, generally speaking, either of the one sort or the other : but that, were they not so, I should hesitate before I presumed to mutilate that which I found entire. It was in vain I urged, that as the author had in the title of his book assumed a bold position, it was but just to hear what he had to say in support of it ; and that, by expunging the reasoning parts, we should act unjustly, for we should reject before we had heard his defence. It was in vain I contended, that the object of the author was to instruct as well as to amuse ; and that works which merely do the latter are but *half works*, if the expression may be allowed.

After talking for half an hour, I perceived, what I might have perceived at first, that I did but talk to the wind, so

fully persuaded was this lady of the truth of *her own* opinion, that in the warmth of the delusion, she would have preferred the History of Jack the Giant Killer to Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, or the History of Tom Thumb to the Principia of Newton.

Finding that she was not to be persuaded to give up her opinion, but that, like obstinate people in general, the more reasons I advanced against it, the more she was determined to adhere to it, and not to abandon that opinion which, when deserted by every thing like reason, had nothing but her patronage to countenance it; finding this, I reluctantly took out my pencil, and, in pursuance of my original intention, I drew it, with a sigh, over the parts which had been successively objected to. I paused here to contemplate the

confusion which my critical advisers had occasioned ; and I sighed, as I perceived that nothing now remained but *half* of the title-page, and a small portion of the narrative.

My last visit was paid to a man famous for his critical lore and *acumen*. The *three unities* were held by him as the sacred foundation of all criticism ; and, in his attachment to them, he was frequently induced to apply them in a manner which served rather to evince his fondness for them, than to display the soundness and purity of his judgment. After having perused my work, he advised me to strike out the *whole* of the narrative. By this plan, he said, I should avoid any question about the unities of *time and place* ; and no question whatever could occur, as I had *sedulously* preserved the unity of *subject*.

I ventured, with all imaginable humility, to submit, that the strictness he inculcated in his law of unity was not here to be attended to, for that it did not apply to the nature of the work; and that as it was a *penal* law, it ought not to be extended beyond the letter.

I will not detain the reader with detailing this unprofitable dispute. Let it suffice, that I could gain no quarter from this devotee of unity; and I, therefore, again took out my pencil, and drawing it over the residue of the narrative, I found that no part of the work was remaining in the approbation of which ALL concurred. Nothing was left save the mere half of the title-page—"Memoirs of a Man without a Name."—The expression of Lucan was never more unhappily verified; it was

*nominis umbra, the mere shadow of a name,* and that was all.

I confess I was extremely mortified at my ill success; and I could not refrain from mentioning all the circumstances of my case to a very particular friend: he smiled; and, after comparing my case to that of the man and his son, who, in the management of their ass, would fain please every body, although they had in the end pleased nobody, he told me that the persons whom I had consulted were, in every sense of the word, incompetent to the task of true criticism; that the timidity of the *prudent* man; the narrowness of the *antiquarian*; the idolatry of the *devotee of love*; the infatuation of the *devotee of narrative*, and the prejudices of the *learned man*, were so many dense mediuns, through which the mental eye

of each individual could not penetrate ; that their perceptions, obscured and broken as they were, could be entitled neither to respect nor attention ; that to suffer ourselves to be led by them, would be to submit to the direction of the blind, or, what is worse, to the guidance of those who, imagining they see clearly, would lead us into errors, which the caution of those truly blind would avoid.

How easily are we persuaded to follow our own inclinations !—I determined, therefore, to publish, and to leave the issue to the decision of a candid Public.

THE EDITOR.



appropriate it to the describing of the greatest man that ever lived. Now, to prevent the inconvenience that would result to your poor Fancy, were her ladyship obliged to hire post-horses, and ride to the circulating library of the next town to enquire, who the greatest man that ever lived is—I will, from the genuine spirit of good-nature, inform thee that I mean *myself*. Impudent fellow ! you exclaim. It is very true, my dear sir : but shut the door, stir the fire, and draw your chair a little nearer to me, and I will tell you—a secret.

I am the lawful son of Impudence. Do you know, that never was poor son either prouder or fonder of his parent, than I am of mine ; and, I flatter myself, not without reason. I am proud of my mother, because she is the greatest of beings—a deity, under whose auspices the most wonderful actions have

een performed ; and I am fond of her because she is fond of me ; from which latter circumstance it must be evident, that my mother is by no means a fashionable mother, for that would have altered the case widely, in this age of refinement, when a fashionable woman is much more likely to be attached to her lap-dog than to her child. From the power and the affection of my mother, I hope every thing ; and that she can perform wonders is evident, from the example of the ancients, many of whom highly distinguished themselves, merely from enjoying her patronage.

Does not that poetical madman, Mr. Pindar, modestly compare himself to the eagle soaring above the ken of his enemies and rivals, the jackdaws ? It should seem that the critics had, previously to this *royal* flight of Pindar, some doubt whether they should prefer

his odes, or those of a garrulous, pert, boarding-school girl, called Miss Corinna ; but the moment the ode, in which the above *modest* comparison was made, appeared, the reviewers no longer hesitated ; for, perceiving that Pindar was of true Hibernian extraction ; that his muse was not retarded by the dull and leaden wings of modesty ; and that, in brief, he was warmly patronized by Impudence ; the reviewers, I say, perceiving these things, instantly adjudged in his favor, although they had previously, in one or two instances, adjudged in favor of Miss Corinna.

The consequences of Pindar's success were very serious to Miss Corinna ; she had published a very elegant edition of her odes ; they were printed on wove paper, hot-pressed, with beautiful vignettes, &c. &c. and bound in Russia. She was obliged to dispose of the whole

impression to the pastry-cooks of Greece; and to this circumstance it is owing, that none of her works have descended to the present day. Had my mother, Impudence, patronized them, they would have been immortal.

Another example of the all-commanding power of Impudence, we have in the person of Horace. His odes were at first in little repute; indeed, my mother has often told me, that the ballad-singers of Rome purchased them at the rate of two-peuce a dozen. Now, you must know, Reader, that this Horace was a cunning dog. I have heard it whispered that he was, on his mother's side, related to a Scotchman. This Horace being a cunning dog, and perceiving that, unless he was patronized by Impudence, he should ere long be turned out of his garret, contrived to

get a letter of recommendation to my mother.

To be brief—she patronized him; and, at her suggestion, he instantly wrote and published that famous ode,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.\*

Scarcely was this ode published, ere a note came from the minister Mæcenas, inviting —— Horace, Esq. to dine with him. The intimacy increased to such a degree, that the poet was ever after in the habit of familiar intercourse with the minister ; they drank their *cœcubus* ; you may call it Madeira, if you like that term better ; took coffee together ; played at back-gammon : nor were these

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\* More durable than brass, the frame  
Which here I consecrate to Fame.

FRANCIS.

the only advantages the poet gained; he obtained a pension, which enabled him to keep his brace of girls, drive his curricle, and sport a country-seat; in short, to knock himself in the head as expeditiously as possible, and in the most gentlemanly manner.

One more example from the classic shades of antiquity, and I have done.

Ovid was a mere Sternhold in the public opinion, and of little estimation, notwithstanding all his poetical genius, until he took a hint from his acquaintance, Horace, and modestly asserted, that he had written what would live for ever; in other words, that his works would live in despite of the unpitying flame of the insensible cook-maid, and the corroding breath of envious reviewers.

*Jamque opes exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
Nec poterit terrae, nec edax abolere vetustas.\**

But, perhaps, Reader, you may tell me these are antiquated instances. True, but nothing is more easy than to produce innumerable modern instances, in which the patronage of my mother, Impudence, has carried fortune and honor in its train.

When a minister tells the nation, that the actions performed under his administration surpass all that Alexander, Cyrus, and Alfred, ever performed, he becomes, through the magical effect inseparably attached to consummate impudence, he becomes the admiration of

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\* My finish'd work nor heeds the ire of Jove,  
Nor sword, nor fire, to genius frowning death ;  
Borne on the wings of fame, it soars above,  
Nor heeds of Time the bloom-corroding breath.

EDITOR.

his own party, and the terror of the opposition ; whilst, were he modest and unassuming, he might, like Addison, afford a proof, that talents and genius are but a baseless structure, unless supported by the all-powerful aid of Impudence.

Let us take our next example from the bar ; a profession which, perhaps, is more indebted to the patronage of my mother than any other. Let the advocate for the injured party state, in the simple and uninflamed language of truth, the cause of his client ; let him sedulously avoid all bombast and declamation—how calm, how unmoved is the jury ! But stop, his opponent rises ; his opponent, the advocate for flagrant inhumanity, and unblushing injustice ; he boldly advances to the charge ; he asserts, with unvarying cheek, the honor of his client, and bountifully bespatters

the character of the unoffending and injured claimant for justice.

Short is the struggle. Truth and innocence are conquered; whilst Vice, under the patronage of Impudence, elevates her accursed head, and rises another step in the scale of society.

Who will deny the power of that deity? Who can thus wash an Ethiop white? If any one is hardy enough to deny it, let him cast his eyes on Doctor \_\_\_\_\_. His name stands high in the roll of quackery. He was originally bred——faith, I know not what. Let it suffice, it was to a business, in which a good character was by no means part of the stock in trade. This was lucky; for nature and education had, between them, made him a complete rascal. There is very little doubt, but that he would have acquired a fortune in his trade,

had not some scruples occurred to him. Scruples ! you exclaim. Yes, sir, but not those of honesty, for he had none ; not those of conscience, for he had long since parted with it. What scruples then ? Why, you must know that he had observed, that most of the men who were employed in his trade were, sooner or later, *hanged*. Now he had no scruples to cheat, murder, &c. &c. but he had some scruples how far it might be for the *honor* of his family, and for the benefit of his fortune and health, to be *hanged* ; he, therefore, bethought him of some other business, which was equally lucrative, and unattended with danger ; and as he perceived that the credulity of mankind rendered them fond of miracles, he turned *quack-doctor* ; and thus, under the patronage of my mother, Impudence, obtained a patent to physic, to cheat, and to kill, all the fools who would suffer him. He

found that they by no means constituted a small part of society; nor were they by any means poor, since they could afford to pay *him* near six thousand pounds a year; whilst science, benevolence, and genius, languish in the person of Dr. H—, unemployed and unpraised.

Canst thou, Reader, not see the reason? Dr. H— merely can perform for his patients, all that physic, when directed by science, and operating on mortality, can perform; whilst Dr. B— can do more. He can draw—*bills on immortality*; whether they are accepted concerns neither you nor me, it is sufficient that we never mean to *take* them.

If, then, such are the wonders performed under the mere patronage of Impudence, what may I not expect? I

who, in addition to enjoying her patronage, inherit a portion of her soul ? Yes ! I think as all the authors who have preceded me must, in this respect, be far behind me ; so the moment these volumes meet the light, all their works must sink into oblivion. Whether I have genius or not ; though I confidently assert that my genius far surpasses every other that ever has existed, or ever will exist ; whether I have genius or not, has nothing to do with it.

I have abundance of true, genuine, unsophisticated impudence ; and in the present day, thanks to our communication with Ireland ; thanks to dull reviewers, and still duller readers, Impudence without Genius can perform wonders, whilst Genius without Impudence (alas, dearest of friends —) will languish in obscurity, unheard of, and unknown.

Reader, ere you turn to the following pages, truth extorts from me the confession, that they are not entirely my own composition. Many years have elapsed since chance threw them into my way. I found them in manuscript; and perceiving that the poor author's attempt was to elevate virtue and reason, and at the same time depress vice and folly, I could not forbear laughing at his singular simplicity; and I, therefore, determined to give the work to the world, in order that others may laugh with me.

I have generally rigidly adhered to the work as I found it; but, in justice to myself, I should declare, that I have added many brilliant passages, which I forbear to particularize, because they will, by the transcendent glow around them, point out their author.

On the back of the manuscript there was a memorandum, indicating that the work was a translation only, and that many of the names of places, &c. had been purposely modernized by the translator. I think this circumstance necessary to be stated, lest any one should imagine, from the recurrence of names which are familiar to him, that he had discovered the country in which the scene is laid. Having said thus much I am silent. I should be sorry to prevent the many sage conjectures, which the profound Doctor P—, in his little wig; or the acute Miss Deborah C—, in her hooped petticoat, will certainly make, as to the country in which the scene is laid. Besides, I have another reason for my silence—I am very loth to tell the Reader *what I do not know myself.*

I have only one thing more to add;

it is to caution the Reader, lest he should forget that the following sheets may be considered as having two authors, namely, the real author and the son of Impudence. If, therefore, any thing appear incompatible with the character of the real author, let the Reader ascribe it to the son of Impudence, and *vice versa*.

## CHAPTER II.

APPROACH, my fair reader, approach the scenes of my infancy ; may every soft and gentle emotion be thine ! may every passion be lulled into peace ! may thy bosom resemble the lake, as it slumbers beneath the silvery moon-beam, when not a breeze disturbs its enchanting stillness, but all around it is harmony and peace ! Thus affected, thy sensations will be congenial to the divine tranquillity that reigns around the sweet cottage of *Mon Repos* ; and the scene will perpetuate the celestial calm that pervades thy bosom ; and Benevolence, the native goddess of these shades, will weave for thee a wreath whose fragrance shall never die.

The cottage of *Mon Repos* was almost surrounded by a lofty and venerable wood, which had the prescriptive right of adding majesty to the scene around it, and affording a retreat for the pure and philosophic spirit of its owner. In the front of the cottage, a lawn spread its tasteful surface, which was rendered still more beautiful by an irregular, yet placid stream, which crept along its borders.

This delicious spot was the chosen residence of my father. My father! Ye powers that soften the human bosom; that call forth the bursting sigh; that speak in the eloquent tear, why is my cheek moist at the mention of his venerated name? Why, alas, why should I ask the question? This heart shall cease to beat, yet its last pulsation shall be loaded with regret, for the loss

which, venerated shade, I sustained in  
thee !

I do not tell thee, fair reader, that the spot to which I have conducted thy wandering footsteps was made for the express residence of my father. I tell thee it was the chosen residence of my venerated parent, and that it was to this divine spot he retired in the autumn of his days, after having consumed the early part of his life in serving his country.

My father's natural disposition was contemplative ; his mind was enriched with the classic stores of antiquity; he had drank deep of the stream, over which the spirit of poesy eternally spreads her wing ; yet had he not neglected the pages of science, nor the rolls of history. Had my father merely consulted his natural disposition, he

### CHAPTER III.

My father had long filled the most arduous duties, when his health began visibly to decline. At first he disregarded those appearances which threatened the worst consequences; for the vigor of his mind lent an energy to his whole frame.

His disorder, in a short time, increased to such an alarming degree, that he suffered himself to be persuaded to retire to his favourite retreat of *Mon Repos*. The change of air was productive of beneficial consequences, though he never sufficiently recovered to take an active part in public life. When he perceived that the precarious state of

his health rendered him incapable of filling the situation which he had formerly occupied, he determined to spend the remainder of his days beneath the shades of his nativity. Released from the public cares, which had long occupied his attention, he flattered himself that he should experience much pleasure in directing the studies of my youth ; an employment for which he was no less adapted by his literary qualifications, than by the pure and chastened affection he entertained for me. Before I enter upon the plan which my father pursued in my education, it may not be irrelative, if I make the reader acquainted with his peculiar set of opinions.

My father had read, but what is more, he had digested the best writers upon the subject of the mind, from

**Aristotle to Locke.** He had compared their writings with each other ; but, as he considered them only as so many comments upon the text of Nature, he referred to the text itself, and studied it with the care of a good critic, and the integrity of an honest man. The result was a conclusion, which he sometimes couched in the expression, "*Madness is the rage:*" sometimes comprised in the assertion, "*that by far the greatest part of mankind are mad.*" If it be objected, that there is a difference of meaning in these expressions, it must be confessed, that it is extremely slight, and it may easily be accounted for, by referring to the view my father took of the subject, according to the different aspects under which the disease presented itself to his eye.

Convinced that the evil was by far

more general than the self-love of mankind was inclined to allow, it seemed to him immaterial, whether he made use of one expression or the other, when each expression implied the *extensive influence* of the disease. As many years have elapsed since the pure spirit of my father winged its course to another world, I have, as it may easily be believed, forgotten many of the authorities which he was in the habit of citing in support of his opinion. I remember, however, that he used strongly to insist upon the authority of the immortal Locke, who, in speaking of *madness*, expressly says, that “opposition to reason deserves the name, and is really madness; and that there is scarcely a man so free from it, but that if he should always, on all occasions, argue or do, as in some cases he constantly does, would not be thought fitter for

Bedlam than civil conversation ; and if there be a weakness to which all men are so liable ; if this be a taint which so universally affects mankind, the greater care should be taken to lay it open under its due name, thereby to excite the greater care in its prevention and cure."

My father often acknowledged, that when the idea was first presented to his mind, he was disposed to doubt a conclusion so disgraceful to human nature, and which dethroned so great a mass of mankind from their boasted empire of reason : but as reflection advanced her tardy-footed labours ; as memory collected her far-scattered records, he by degrees embraced the conclusion, that vices and follies were but so many different degrees of the same distemper ; so many different species of madness.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere quisquis  
Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore:  
Quisquis luxuriâ tristive superstitione  
Aut alio mentis morbo calet. Huc proprius me  
Dum doceo iusanire omnes, vos ordine adite.\*

HORATIUS.

At other times, my father would bring forward the authority of the Stoics, among whom it was a maxim, that all those who do not live up to the principles of reason and virtue, are madmen.

Quem mala stultitia, et quæcunque inscitia veri,  
Cæcum agit, insanum chrysippi porticus et grex

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\*Come all whose breasts with bad ambition rise,  
Or the pale passion, that for money dies,  
With luxury, or superstition's gloom,  
Whate'er disease your health of mind consume,  
Compose your robes: in decent ranks draw near,  
And, that ye all are mad, with reverence hear.

FRANCIS.

Au'umat : hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges  
Excepto sapiente, tenet.\*                   HORATIUS.

Hobbes asserted, that men are naturally in a state of actual war, for they go armed, and have locks and keys to fasten their doors ; but my father asserted, and he asserted it with the warmth of a favourite axiom, that men, generally speaking, are in a state of actual madness, since they ardently pursue vice and folly, than which, nothing can be more opposite, or contrary to reason, and since each individual act of vice, or folly, is such a dereliction from reason, as to amount to an act of madness.

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• Whom various follies, or whom falsehood blind,  
Are by the Stoicks held of madding kind.  
All but the wise are by this process bound,  
The subject nations and the monarch crown'd.

FRANCIS.

At another time, I remember, that my father brought forward L'Estrange, who says, "He that eagerly pursues any thing is no better than a madman." How calm! how dispassionate are the virtuous! How temperate, how philosophical, is the pursuit of virtue! So much so, that some have thought there was no pursuit at all, and that virtue, like an old maid, was neither courted nor pursued. On the contrary, with what eagerness, energy, application, and spirit, are vice and folly pursued! In the warmth of the pursuit, how often do we see fortune, fame, and honour, forsaken or destroyed! How often do we see talents misapplied and debased! How often do we sigh over the premature setting of a genius, whose splendid orb would have gilded the brow of his country with a lustre, doomed never to perish.

The authorities now quoted, in support of my father's opinion, are merely what occur at the moment. I shall, probably, in the course of my narrative, recal others to my mind.

## CHAPTER IV.

BUT what, exclaims my reader, is *your* opinion! Do *you* concur with your father? What is your opinion, I ask? My opinion! My dear Sir, excuse me; it is *my* business to write, not to reason. Do not, I beseech you, think this a silly distinction; for in the present day, to write and to reason are things *essentially* different.

To the proof! you exclaim. Reason is a goddess, whose sway is *nominally* very great, though in *reality* it extends over but a very small portion of mankind. Should you but suppose that the whole host of writers were her sub-

jects, she would have a far more populous kingdom than any monarch who has ever reigned, not excepting the goddess of Folly herself, *ultra Gades*, &c. Our partiality for modern times, a partiality, in this instance, founded upon the most singular justice and good sense, our partiality, I say; for modern times induces us boldly and confidently to assert, that in no respect do we excel the ancients more decidedly and clearly, than in that most sublime, most profound art, the art of writing without reasoning.

Indeed, to such perfection has it been carried in modern times, that I have often been inclined to think the whole merit of the invention is of right due to these times. It is true we read of a few among the ancients, who sometimes amused themselves with attempt-

ing this art ; but their attempts were awkward, and, in general, unsuccessful ; for Reason would, “ ever and anon,” break through the cloud which surrounded her. Now I would ask, what are these few, when compared to the host we can reckon among the moderns—the learned C—, the verbose B—, the affecting D—? I might run through the English alphabet—the English did I say ? nay, the Greek, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Chinese, &c. &c. without being able to find letters by which I could designate their names. Such is the inimitable perfection to which these authors have carried the art, that one unvarying strain of stupidity, sophistry, and dulness, pervades their works, from the taking title-page to the still more taking, yet awful “ finis.”

Peace be to their ashes ! I cannot say to their souls ; for, if we may credit a late writer, it is probable they had none. I speak boldly ; for I am proud to say, that there is many an author now existing, entitled to a branch from the same laurel whose leaves I entwine around his predecessor's brows.

Sume superbiam  
Quæsitam meritis.\*                      HORATIUS.

It is true some of these gentlemen have enrolled themselves under the banners of Reason. This is a mere *nominal distinction* ; and when we remember that this has been entitled “ an Age of Reason,” we must admire their cunning ; they have merely enlisted themselves under Reason, because she is the fashionable captain of the day ; but they

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\* Assume the honours justly thine.                      FRANCIS.

have nothing else to do with her, being merely *honorary* members of her corps.

I acknowledge that such a body of men may be said to be highly useful to the state. Destitute of any of those bloody, savage, ungentlemanly propensities, which would induce this man to whip the sword of Reason through the body of his friend, they are a harmless, inoffensive standing set of men, and remind one of Lord Chesterfield's pasteboard army; they are admirably adapted for a field day, and supported at a small expense. So fully sensible am I of their superior worth, when compared to your deep reasoners, and active fighters, your Locke, Julius Cæsar, Mahomet, &c. &c. that I am extremely anxious to keep up the breed; and I have therefore, more than once bethought me of a plan, which might conduce to the pre-

serving of it in all the purity in which it now exists.

Sometimes it has occurred to me to make them fellows of a college ; but to this plan there is one objection. I should not fear that, generally speaking, they would become reasoners—No, no, of that there is no more danger than of St. Paul's dancing a horn-pipe. I say *generally speaking*, for I would by no means include every man who is a fellow, since it has been my fate to know men in that situation ; and I can particularly mention my own two tutors, who have been, and are, an honor to human nature. If, then, you exclaim, you do not fear that they would become reasoners, what do you dread ? I dread lest *they would never write* ; in other words, lest they should fall victims to that stupor of idleness so prevalent within collegiate cells.

My next plan to preserve the race is to cram their heads full of school-logic, heraldry, antiquities, &c. This I have often known a sovereign antidote to reason, whilst the *cacoethes scribendi*, as Juvenal terms it, has entirely usurped the whole man.

Another plan has suggested itself to me : I would impregnate the heads of the party with a certain quantity of conceit. Now conceit is only so much air ; and we know, without studying Sir Isaac, that air only occupies a space, which is unoccupied by any thing else. From hence it follows, that when a man's head is well furnished, there is little or no room for this air, which we term conceit ; but when it happens that his skull is very empty, there is a great deal of room for it. Hence, fools having much emptiness of

skull have much conceit, which conceit is an effectual obstacle to reason, and, at the same time, not unfrequently generates a kind of rash at the finger's ends, which generally dies away in a certain irregular motion, from whence we have writing.

But, perhaps, there is one objection to this plan. When a man has a certain quantity of this *fixed air* in his skull, it might be dangerous to suffer him to go abroad. Tom Thumb may think himself the Irish giant. What then? you say. Why, he is, I must admit, only Tom Thumb, let him think as he may. But suppose, my dear sir, he should persuade a set of fellows, whose garrets are no better furnished than his own, that they ought to be seditious? Knock them in the head, you say. True, but you forget it may hap-

pen that they may knock you in the head *before* you can dispatch them, and that the doctor may die by taking the dose he intended to administer to his patient—even before he could exclaim to the patient turned doctor, *ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

But these, I acknowledge, are important inquiries; my genius alone is commensurate to them; and that genius, should it receive the encouragement it ought to receive, in other words, should this book pass through fifty editions, that genius shall immortalize the subject.

In the mean time, ye host of reviewers, ye ink-stained, pale, lanthorn-jawed crew, avaunt! terrible is your frown, terrible are the shrieks of the

thousand lean authors who flit in melancholy cadence around you, avaunt !  
I'll exorcise you !

Procul, o procul este profani !

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN I was five years of age, my father commenced that system of education, which he considered as best adapted to qualify me for the arduous part I had to play upon the public theatre of life. He had often considered the advantages and disadvantages of a public and of a private education, as opposed to each other. He knew that the *Stagyrite*, in his *Politeia*; *Quintilian*, in his *Institutes*; and *Lycurgus*, in his far-famed Sparta, as well as *Plato*, and a number of others, had given the preference to a public education; at the same time it did not escape him, that there was an essential difference between ancient and modern times, arising from the customs, manners, laws,

and opinions, of the different ages. He saw innumerable difficulties attached to the question. To extricate himself, he considered the *end* of education in general.

If the *end* were to gain connexions, to have our emulation excited, to be prepared, by the difficulties which occur on the smaller theatre of a school; to play with safety and advantage a part on the greater theatre of the world, a public education possesses advantages over a private education: but if the end of education be to render a man virtuous and good; to attach him firmly and irrevocably to religion and his country; to make him at once a better man, and a better citizen, and to induce him in his way through this life to make every step tend to the next world, a private education had, in my

father's opinion, unquestionably the advantage. For my father could not help thinking, that the question might be reduced to a very narrow point—Whether the interest of a man in *this* world, or his interest in the *next*, was most worthy of being pursued.

As he was so unfashionable, and, in the eyes of many so weak, as to prefer the latter, my education had for its object to render me a *good* rather than a *great* man. Whether my father was in this instance right or wrong, belongs not to me to determine ; it is my business to relate facts, in other words it is my business to write ; I leave the reader to reason.

But now we are upon the subject of education, I remember the admiration my father expressed, upon perusing a

passage in Bolingbroke. As it so forcibly conveys my father's sentiments, whilst it is intimately connected with the subject in question, I shall not apologize to the reader for extracting it :

“We shall neither read to soothe our indolence nor to gratify our vanity ; as little shall we be content to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen : as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars, at the expense of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true use of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds, but she never intended it to be made the principal, nay, less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper

object of this application is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study that tends, neither directly nor indirectly, to make us better men and better citizens, is, at best, but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson; and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more."

My father, as often as he perused these passages, would exclaim, that they ought to be written in letters of gold, and that government would do well to order them to be stuck up in every school in the kingdom, and to direct that every boy should commit them to memory, in the same manner as the Roman boys were obliged to do with respect to the Twelve Tables. "And," continued my father, "if they were

pedants after this, nature had indeed decreed them to be fools."

If, reader, prejudice has obscured thy perception, or reason has enlightened them; if, in other words, thou seest less clearly, or more clearly, than my father, forgive him; and I will thank thee if thou wilt drop a tear over what thou mayst consider the errors of his judgment, whilst thou exclaimest: "His was a specious, but altogether impracticable plan. Sooner might you induce lawyers to forego their fees; girls their pleasures; wives the right of ruling; parsons their tithes; and the Opposition the right of opposing indiscriminately. *Ohe! Jam satis;* these would be miracles indeed." Perhaps, reader, you will be less severe upon his opinions, when you recollect that the good *Sir Roger de Coverley* thought in

fact and substance the same as my father :

“ I lay it down for a rule,” says the good old Knight, “ that the whole man is to move together ; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good ; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding : without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking ; he is not in his proper motion.”

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I first thought of conferring the most essential benefit upon mankind, and favouring it with the publication of the present work, I naturally thought about a patron; and, from a patron, my imagination, by an easy transition, passed on to a dedication. Now you must know, reader, that in my youth I had often amused myself in reading dedications. I loved virtue, and dear to me were her records; for my father, notwithstanding his opinion, that *men, generally speaking, were mad*, never opposed my inclination to peruse these genuine rolls of worth, which gave the lie to those cynical philosophers who reproached modern times

with the dearth of intellectual and moral excellence. Yes, they proved to a demonstration the most infallible, that antiquity cannot, in her boasted records, produce examples of more consummate wisdom, heroic courage, exalted generosity, nobility of soul, extensive knowledge, &c. &c. than the so-much despised modern æra.

Warmed by the glowing description that I had read, *velox mente novâ*, I could not forbear exclaiming, "Ye cynical beings, who delight in reproaching the age in which you live, what fiend can tempt ye to deny the pure and unspotted evidence of celestial truth? One person may be deceived, but can the whole host of dedicators have been mistaken? Assuredly not. They represent characters as they are. Truth sanctions their testimony.

Avaunt, then, ye miscreants ! seek the howling desert, meet associates of the beasts which infest it, and no longer worthy of inhabiting a region blessed by the residence of those celestial beings whom ye defame. As for me, how shall I express my feelings ? how felicitate myself on being born in an age wherein the most exalted moral and intellectual excellence are alike so frequent. How much more happy are we than *Pliny* was ; he could find but one *Trajan* to celebrate, but we may find hundreds."

Such were my sensations when the warm blood of youth hastened through my veins. But to proceed. When I first thought of cheering the world with this splendid ray of genius—a ray never born to perish—I began to think of a patron, to whom I should dedicate it.

I recalled to memory the characters of all the men I had ever known. Some of them were men of talent ; some of them men of virtue ; and, perhaps, one or two might have had some little genius : but, alas ! truth extorts from me the humiliating confession, that I could not find one but who was, when compared to the orbs selected by former dedicators, a mere farthing rush-light to the sun.

I began to think my memory must have deceived me ; and I, therefore, read the dedications over again. Faultless ! faultless ! I exclaimed, were the subjects of their praise ; but the devil take me if mine are ; and if they were, I cannot name one who has all the cardinal virtues, and about a dozen besides ; for I did not relish that the person to whom I dedicated should be in-

ferior to all the beings who had preceded him. What was to be done? I had a few friends still left at *Alma Mater.*

I was convinced of their readiness to serve me; and to them I wrote, stating explicitly my wants and difficulties. Alas! I was unsuccessful; one was a good scholar, but he had *fagged* it; another was a clever fellow, but a cursed *ruff*; another had gained the honors, but every fellow of his own college had *cut* him. These were faults that obscured the highest genius; Aristotle himself would have been *rusticated* for them; and as I could not wash an *Aethiop* white, I determined not to seek out a patron in the university.

I shall not tire my reader with carrying him through all the scenes which

I entered, to discover a patron. *Dio-*  
*genes* did not more earnestly seek an  
honest man, than I did one to whom I  
might dedicate my work. Harassed by  
the repeated disappointments I had met  
with, I at last wrote and circulated *let-*  
*ters, handbills, advertisements, &c. &c.*  
in all directions, offering a reward to  
any person who would produce such a  
character as I was in quest of. The  
needy applied for the reward; but in  
their anxiety to secure it, they over-  
looked the conditions. Some sneered  
at me; others laughed at me, and  
others directed me to the musty pages  
of some old worm-eaten romance; some  
*Amadis de Gaul*; where they told me,  
that I might, perhaps, find the singular  
being I was in search of. But this was  
not the worst. One of my next of kin,  
an honest, well-meaning man, thinking  
from my inquiries that I was *non com-*

pos, in other words, not in my sober senses, obtained a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, to prove me a lunatic; and I only escaped by bribing the lawyer, and appointing him to the stewardship of my estate; and thus giving him, in preference to others, the legal and exclusive right of fleecing me, and oppressing my tenants.

## CHAPTER VII.

I HAD nearly attained my eighteenth year before I had ever quitted the sweet shades of *Mon Repos*. My infancy, unobscured by care or sorrow, resembled the fine sky of summer, when not a cloud stains its enchanting surface. Never can I forget the pleasing hours endeared to me by the fond affection of a parent; never can I forget the kind smile of the early friend of my bosom, of my dear Frederic. Alas! why did the willow wave over his early grave? Why did the violets spring around his premature tomb? Why was the eye of friendship moist with the tear of never-ceasing regret for his loss?

Excuse me, reader ; pardon the grief which the period of thirty years has not subdued, has scarcely softened. But to return. I had nearly attained my eighteenth year, when Frederic, the friend of my youth, was sent to the university of —.\* My grief at the loss of his society refused all consolation : the shades of *Mon Repos* had lost their power to charm, and my father, for the first time, was heard without pleasure or interest. It was now that my father, trembling for my health, consented that I should follow my friend, and allowed me to become a student of the same uni-

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\* We have to regret this *hiatus*. Had it been supplied, we should have known to what country our hero owed his birth. As the case is, we must lament that we are ignorant of the country which abounds in *madmen*; for notwithstanding the author speaks *generally*, he must mean to confine himself to his native country.

EDITOR.

versity. I bade adieu to *Mon Repos*. Shall I own I quitted it without regret, so fully was I occupied with the prospect of meeting Frederic. My father accompanied me to the university, and he resided there during the whole time I remained a member of it, so that I was never exposed to those dangers which I must have encountered, had I been deprived of his presence and advice.

The disposition of Frederic was noble and generous; but his passions were warm, and almost boundless. Accustomed, during the early years of youth, to the strong curb of a severe discipline, he knew not how to use the indulgence afforded by the university; he plunged, with headlong impetuosity, into the fashionable vices and follies of the day. Often did I remonstrate;

often did I beseech ; nay, often did I pray and intreat that he would not desert the pure paths of virtue and innocence. The reproof of friendship was sometimes anticipated by the candour of good-nature, whilst the severity of censure was defeated by the keenness of wit : but often would the tear stand in his fine black eye ; often would he grasp my hand forcibly, and, with a sigh, promise to amend ; yet the contagion of example, and the dread of a satire which he could easily have refuted, would, ere the evening of the same day, plunge him still deeper in the yawning waves of vice.

My father interferred, but in vain. Respect could not enforce that which affection could not win him to. Frederic would quit us to consume his fortune in riot and dissipation. He would,

with heedless inconsiderateness, squander the contents of his purse at a tavern, if it happened that no wretched being stopped him in the way to it; for misery never passed him without either commiseration or relief. He would rush into the arms of a depraved courtezan; yet had he thrice, at the risque of his life, rescued suffering virtue from the forcible grasp of powerful villainy. He was idle; hours, days, months fleeted in slothful negligence, yet one brief moment was sufficient to enable him to retrieve his character, and to display the bright orb of genius, adorned with the rich glow of knowledge. Whilst his friends lamented his errors, his enemies acknowledged his talents, and his character, during the darkest hours of dissipation, never forfeited a certain degree of respect; if it was eclipsed, it was no less a resplendent

sun. From what I have now said, the reader will perceive that Frederic afforded my father an opportunity of applying his favourite axiom.

If the good *Sir Roger* thought that “none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged,” my father thought that the distemper of Frederic was so much the more violent, so much the more to be lamented, because his superior talents should have protected him from it, and the loss of those talents to society was, on account of their superiority, the greater. My father had, therefore, as he has since informed me, determined that I should break off all communication with my friend, and that the intercourse between us should for ever cease, when an event occurred, the most shocking, the most terrible to my feelings, and which, without the intervention of my father, put to it—an eternal end,

Frederic was frequently in the habit of amusing himself with excursions on the water. I often accompanied him, for there was an irresistible charm in his society : and I never absented myself from him, but when he was engaged in those scenes of dissipation to which I was naturally averse, and to which he never attempted to entice me.

We had one evening agreed to meet in a beautiful walk adjoining the river, for the purpose of taking an excursion on it. I was delayed near a quarter of an hour beyond the time appointed for our meeting; and on my arriving at the spot, I was surprized at perceiving three or four persons collected around the body of a young man whom they were endeavouring to restore to animation. I learnt that he had fallen into the river, and had twice sunk; but that he had

been rescued by a young gentleman, who, fatigued and overpowered with the exertion of saving him, had himself sunk, the moment he brought the other sufficiently near to the land to enable the bye-standers to extricate him.

Gracious powers! I could scarcely breathe; my pulse almost ceased its vibrations, and a chilling sensation paralyzed my heart. "Perhaps the generous being who has lost his life in rescuing a fellow-creature, is Frederic;" and I plunged headlong into the stream in search of the body.

I rose, and bore, with agonizing horror, the corpse of my friend to the shore. Nature could do no more. I sank on the grass by the side of my lifeless friend, and memory forsook me.

To be brief—for why should I detain the reader, near these melancholy shades. Has not life scenes enough of sorrow? If thou hast not trod them, happy art thou? thrice happy!

My father performed the last sad office to my friend, and consigned his beloved ashes to their native earth. As for me, it was with difficulty I recovered from a dreadful fever, with which my friend's premature death had hurried me. We seized the first moment of my returning convalescence to quit for ever scenes, which recalled ideas the most harrowing; and, as the shades of evening fell fast around us, we again hailed the beloved roof of *Mon Repos.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

DEPRIVED of the early friend of my youth, life seemed to have lost its glow; every scene was alike dull and uninteresting; nor could one delight more than another, unless it recalled to my mind the image of my lost friend, and was associated with some act of affection, the more delicious, because Fate had forbidden me ever again to receive another. Yet, though I never could reflect upon my loss without regret, time, in some measure, habituated me, if it could not altogether reconcile me to it; and I therefore, in compliance with the wishes of my fa-

ther, endeavoured to resume my studies.

Two years had nearly elapsed since our return to *Mon Repos*, when one fine summer evening my father proposed a walk to me. The day had been sultry, and had compelled us to dedicate our time to study. We had been so deeply attentive to the works of art, that the works of nature were a relief to our minds, as they varied the source of our amusement ; besides, the scenes around were dear to me, for they recalled the image of Frederic. My father involuntarily directed his steps towards his favourite wood. We entered it, conversing familiarly on indifferent subjects ; but as we pierced deeper into the dark bosom of the shade, our conversation became less animated, and gradually dying away,

the imagination was left to the unrestrained dictates of its own inclination. The sweet lines of Thomson recurred to my fancy—

These are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,  
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice ;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare ;  
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes: to soothe the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ;  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

THOMSON.

The scene so sweetly contemplative,  
so divinely serene, had communicated  
to our bosoms sentiments of a congenial

nature. These moments, how delicious! how exquisite! Are they moments when Mind reigns alone? Assuredly not; for it would be difficult to say what your mind has been employed in, or what you have thought upon during their continuance. Are they moments when Feeling reigns alone? Assuredly not; they are so tranquil, yet so enthusiastic, that I think they result from the most exquisite harmony of mind and feeling, which are blended in one celestial union, the beauties of each, deprived of their errors and grossness, being mingled.

We approached a noble oak, and seated ourselves on a rudely carved and rustic bench, beneath its majestic foliage. Sweet was the moment! The eye, careless and unconfined, roamed over as lovely a scene as Fancy ever

drew ; yet momentary was the attention it bestowed on rustic cot, winding stream, or classic vale. The serenity, the tranquillity that reigned over all, had communicated to the bosom their divine influence, and the eye forgot its office. No longer able to contain the feelings of my bosom, I exclaimed, " Why should we ever quit these delicious scenes ? What can the world present to recompence us ? " At this exclamation, my father turned slowly towards me. My eye rested upon his open forehead. Sweet, dignified, and radiant was the glow which the setting sun threw over it—fit emblem of the glow which virtue threw over his soul. " My son, your question would be answered, were it permitted us to live for ourselves alone. In this sweet, philosophic retirement, we should be unexposed to the attacks

of malignity ; and our bosoms, catching a sensation congenial to the scenes around us, would be tranquil and happy.

" But we have, my dear boy, duties to be fulfilled, before we should think of consulting our own inclinations. These duties have relation to society, for it is there that the Deity has appointed us to play our parts. The man who passes his whole life in the shades of retirement may, it is true, consult *his own* pleasure and happiness ; but he is a traitor to that cause, which his duty tells him he is sent here to assist. Besides, I need not tell you, my boy, that Virtue is a mistress not easily to be won ; and, if you will allow me to borrow an example from the *Stagirite*, I may add, that it is not the possession of exalted talents, but their exertion, that

gains the mead of success : in other words, that to gain the Olympic crown, it was not merely necessary to possess superior powers, but the candidate must enter the stadium, and conquer his antagonist, or the wreath would never adorn his brow."

Here I interrupted him—" It has often surprized me, my dear Sir, to hear you speak so much of public virtue, when the mass composing the public are, in your opinion, in a state of madness."

" My dear boy, you have entered but partially into my sentiments and views. Though I am of opinion that the generality of mankind may be said to be, more or less, in a state of madness, I am by no means of opinion that we are by that circumstance discharged

from our duties. There are still many, if taken abstractedly, though but few, if taken with reference to the whole, who are virtuous and wise. Were this number still reduced, we should have objects enough towards whom we might exercise our virtue. But to carry the point even a step further : it is perfectly clear that our duties are enjoined us ; and it is not at our option to demur, either with respect to the duties themselves or the beings towards whom they are to be directed. But as I have often remarked your decided attachment to a rural life, I have lately been thinking, that it is high time you should see something of the world. Besides, my dear fellow, it grieves me to see you the victim of a useless sorrow, a sorrow neither consistent with your fortitude nor your religion ; and I hope that a change of scene may dissipate

what it is weak to cherish. Let us, therefore, together enter the world ; and from the moment of entering it, I wish you rather to view me as the friend than the father. I think no time should be lost ; and I will therefore give directions for our journey. As the dews of evening begin to fall, let us retire." Saying this, he arose, and putting his arm through mine, we reached the house together.

## CHAPTER IX.

THINGS were in this state, when we were agreeably surprized by the return of my mother's nephew. This gentleman, whom in future I shall distinguish by the name of Major Belville, was the only son of my mother's brother, who, bred to the profession of arms, had terminated a course of glory by expiring on the field of victory.

He left to his son the brilliant example of bravery tempered by humanity; but this was all, save that sword, which had been often dyed in the bosom of the enemies of his beloved country. His son was only sixteen when he sus-

tained the irreparable loss of a fond parent and a sincere friend. He attended his father's ashes to the grave ; but no tear bedewed the young hero's cheek, until, returning to his father's tent, he drew from its scabbard that sword which had been so often wielded by his now lifeless parent. The tear then fell on its glittering surface ; and as the words recurred to his memory, he hastily returned it, exclaiming, " I shall find some way to wipe it off."

Seven years had now elapsed, when Major Belville felt it necessary to return to his native country, to recruit his health after the severe shocks it had sustained. As the most friendly correspondence had always existed between his father and mine, he naturally availed himself of the first opportunity to apprise us of his return.

My mother, who had ever the most sincere affection for her heroic brother, would have persuaded us not to lose a moment in flying to his son ; for she herself was much indisposed at this time. My father was averse to leave my mother in the precarious state of her health, and he had some other regulations of importance to make before he could quit *Mon Repos*. He therefore dispatched a letter to the Major, requesting that he would take up his abode beneath our roof as one of the family.

To this we received an answer, politely declining the invitation, on account of the very indifferent state of health which he, Major Belville, enjoyed. My father now proposed that I should take the post-chaise, and cross the country to the sea-port where my

cousin then lodged, and repeat in person the wishes of the family, that he should take up his abode beneath our roof. This plan was accordingly adopted.

Upon reaching the inn, I was too anxious to embrace my cousin, to suffer any form to delay the interview, and I therefore hastened to his lodgings.

I found him reclined on a sofa: his form appeared to have suffered less from the pernicious effects of the climate, than from a deep and settled melancholy, which at times absorbed every faculty of his soul. Yet, when he was rouzed from this dejection, his large black eyes sparkled with peculiar animation, and the fire of native intelligence irradiated his countenance. Of a frank, noble, and elevated soul, every

thing he uttered carried an interest with it, and it seemed but necessary for him to appear, in order that he should be admired and loved.

Thus gifted by nature, he was the man formed to occupy and fill up the chasm which the death of Frederic had left in my bosom.

Our regard was mutual: it operated like an electric shock, to rouze us from the torpor of a sorrow, which had threatened to be attended with consequences the most serious to our future peace and happiness. Yes, divine Friendship! it was to thy influence we must ascribe a change so propitious, for powerful is thy touch upon the human bosom. It elevates the soul above the grovelling desires of sense; and, when purified by religion, and sanc-

tioned by time, it fixes the principles upon a foundation that is eternal, for it is virtuous. Thus dignified, man becomes less unworthy of a translation from the scenes of this life to those which immortality unfolds to him.

As the Major's spirits improved, his health visibly amended; and at the end of a few weeks, I had the pleasure of conveying him to the calm shade of our beloved *Mon Repos*.

My mother, though prepared for our arrival, was visibly affected by an interview, which recalled her brother to her mind, for the Major bore the strongest resemblance to his departed parent.

Though my cousin's health was visibly improved, I could not but per-

ceive that there were moments when even my society lost its power to please, and when he delighted to hurry from every eye, in order to bury himself in the contemplative silence of the venerable wood, which I have already described as contiguous to the cottage of *Mon Repos*. Oftentimes would he, at the request of my father, enter into a detail of the military events in which he had borne a part: but, though I sedulously attended to every circumstance he described, I never could discover any occurrence to which I could possibly ascribe his melancholy, the source of which I too much respected impertinently to intrude upon.

Sometimes he appeared desirous of divulging the secret which oppressed him: but as often as he attempted to begin the recital, an involuntary some-

thing choaked up his utterance, and he invariably left me without entering into any particulars.

Things had remained in this state for some months, when my father, having arranged every thing preparatory to our journey to the capital, proposed that we should set off on the morrow's dawn.

Recovered, in a great measure, from the grief into which the premature death of Frederic had plunged me, I was not insensible to a certain sensation of pleasure, as I contemplated in imagination the scenes I was about to enter. Much as I was devoted to my father, and highly as I respected his opinions, I could not but suspect that he viewed life under some degree of prejudice. I had, it is true, seen but few characters; but those were of a high

and elevated standard ; and even those which were shaded with error were not destitute of some resplendent parts, which possessed but too fascinating a power over my youthful imagination.

During my residence at college, I had seen but little or no variety of characters. I ascribe the similarity of character, so conspicuous in universities, to the monotonous tone which runs throughout every thing at those places, principally, though other circumstances have a tendency to it. This is so little favourable to a variety of character, that it is ever productive of a similarity. Besides, if we view the fact a little nearer, we shall perceive, that, *as to the young men*, their characters are but in the bud, and, as such, they afford at best but vague indications of their future vigour, colour, or

shape. Vice, like a corrosive pestilence, may in one moment sweep away the fondest hopes; whilst folly, like a blighting mildew, may canker the opening flower. Nothing is determinate, because every thing in a state of progression must and will alter each moment.

As to *the more aged*, we may observe, that a strong similarity of pursuits, manners, and customs, will ever, when long continued, be followed by as strong a similarity of character.

Man has been aptly termed, "*a bundle of habits.*" As such, he is a being formed to take a character from those beings with whom he has long lived and associated; and hence it is, that the individual character is often lost in the professional or national. If this

happens in the world, where so many different events tend to keep man separate from man, and, by calling forth his passions, to give him a distinct character, it is a consequence much more likely to result where there is little or no variety of events; where the same manners, customs, habits, and pursuits, actuate all; and where the same passions are called into action, or suffered to lay dormant in each individual.

That *similarity*, therefore, which is perceptible in men engaged in the same pursuits, when acting on the broad theatre of the world, will *here* be more decidedly evident, whilst that *dissimilitude*, which a variety of events would call forth, will here have little or no occasion to be evinced, and will generally lay dormant, overpowered by the opposite quality.

## CHAPTER X.

PERMIT me, fair reader, to digress. Digress! you exclaim. Yes, digress; and I found my right, sweet reader, on that which every lawyer, from Justinian to Burn, will admit. I found it on *prescription*, or, in legal phraseology, I lay claim to this right, because “I, and those under whom I claim, have immemorially used to enjoy it.” But to the proof. You must have heard, I suppose, though Pope never may have informed you, of a certain old bard called Homer. He lived when music and poesy blended their respective harmonies to enchant mankind. Though he was blind, he is said to have been

what we term *a good fiddle*; had a knack at making verses, and, withal, had no inconsiderable share of a certain old-fashioned quality called majesty. In brief, such were his strains, that we may, without flattery, say of him, had the gods sung, they would have chant-ed the strains of Homer.

The Grecians, however, may be supposed to have had less taste, or less liberality than our nation, for they, though enraptured with the bard, suf-fered him to wander through every dirty village, in quest of support, whilst we enrich an Italian squaller for tor-turing words which we do not under-stand.

Perhaps both nations are right—the Grecians were aware, that had they enriched their poet, his strains would

have ceased ; and we are not ignorant, that did we not enrich our opera singer, her strains would never be chanted. But to return to the point. Homer had his digressions ; they were almost as numerous as his beauties, and they are innumerable.

In the next place let me mention Pindar. Faith his poetry is *digression* run mad. Now, my dear madam, suppose I undertook to sing the praises of your tabby cat ; suppose also that Pindar's spirit animates me ; I begin a sublime ode, by praising the village in which your cat was born ; mention some *scan. mag.* concerning Jupiter and a milk-maid ; return to your cat ; leave her in the lurch ; seize upon the thrice-renowned cat of Whittington ; fly off in a tangent, and praise the black cat of Helen ; draw a few electric sparks

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from her back ; leave her to be consumed in the flames of Troy ; bring in some old gossip's tale about Hercules ; introduce my own sweet person ; and conclude in a strain of morality, at once simple, grand, and pathetic. This is Pindar ; and if this be not digression, I shall be much obliged if you will tell me what is digression. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

Not a whit better is Euripides ; for his famous tragedies abound with *choral* digressions, for which Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, raps him over the knuckles.

My penetration has enabled me to discover the reason of the digressions of Euripides : my penetration, I say, which is as far above the penetration of all other men, as an Egyptian pyramid is above a dumpling. Sublime ! you ex-

claim. When you know me better, you will not be surprized, for my mother has often told me, that next to ——, I am the neatest hand in the world at a comparison, simile, &c. But to the reason of the digressions of Euripides. I have, by the help of my microscopic penetration, discovered, that, by the death of an old grandmother, he came into the possession of a great stock of *moral recipes*.

Now, you must know, this event happened but a short time before he commenced author. Having the most profound veneration for his grandmother, he naturally felt the highest respect for her *moral recipes*; and, as a proof of it, he interwove them with his own writings. The critics looked grave; the satirical sneered; and the silly, as usual, wondered, and admired. But

Homer and Pindar, upon hearing the news, drank a bottle of *champagne* in *Elysium*; and the first and last toasts were, “*Success to digression.*”

From that period to the present, Digression has reigned, like all other monarchs; that is, her empire has been acknowledged, and submitted to, by the few wise and the many weak. Indeed, in *modern* times, her sway has been such, that we may almost venture to term it absolute.

We have, in the present day, patriots digressing from their country; opposition members from their party; lawyers from their briefs; poets from the rules of poetry; bankrupts from ruin; wives from their husbands, *et vice versa*; and to conclude, almost all men from private and public virtue.

You may, perhaps, say, some of these are not *digressions*, but absolute and unconditional vices and follies. Do not, my dear sir, let us quarrel about terms. What is vice, but a digression from virtue; or what is folly, but a digression from good sense? For you know, as to moral virtue, that the Stagirite himself defines it to be a *mesotes*, or medium; and he tells us, that when we *digress* from that medium, we become vicious. When I have weighed all these circumstances, a patriotic thought has entered my bosom. As *digression* has so many votaries, why not give it the sanction of the legislature? Why not, *vi et armis*, compel the mass to *digress*, and join the rational and virtuous few? Thus impelled, let us all *digress* into a pure and energetic love for our country; into a hatred against vice and corruption; into those old-fashioned virtues, which ren-

dered our country a terror to the guilty,  
and a protection to the oppressed.

Spirit of Alfred, hover over us! Let thy genius, thy patriotism, and thy courage animate us; let thy voice cheer us as we pant in the glorious toil; and thy smile be the rich reward of our perseverance.

## CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE here a fine opportunity of describing our journey to the metropolis ; of introducing a stage-coach scene ; its inmates a dashing officer ; an old fat housekeeper ; a prim quaker ; an interesting, plaintive, and beautiful girl. Pooh ! pooh ! you exclaim ; we have read such things a thousand times. True, my dear sir, but that is no fault of mine.

I must relate the truth, if such as I have mentioned happen to be the truth ; and it is no fault of mine, if I cannot whirl you through the air in a car drawn by four griffins, with a Bond-street

lounger for a coachman. But now let me restrain my poor jaded *Pegasus*. A *prose Pegasus*! you exclaim. Yes, and forsooth, it is a beast, let me tell you, much more common than a *poetical Pegasus*, thanks to the inventive powers of modern times.

But it is rather hard that the want of candour in some men should be so conspicuous as it is in this very respect. For when it is evident to their friends as well as enemies; when it is, in brief, evident to every passenger they chance to meet, though it happen he has but half an eye; when, I say, it is evident that the beast they ride is nothing more or less than a poor, lean, half-starved, broken-winded *prose Pegasus*, they, notwithstanding, will insist, and contend, that he is, in every sense of the word, a *poetical Pegasus*—*Proh Deum*

*atque hominum fidem!*—One grain of modesty is worth a bushel of impudence.

But to proceed. Let me search the musty rolls of memory. Ah! I have it. Let me see; it is the original advice of a great wit; of no less a wit than —. “When you are describing an event which has no novelty to season it to the palate of modern times, you must describe it *a novel manner*. ”

Bless us! amazingly obscure, and, consequently, amazingly sublime! *A novel manner!* I suppose he means, in the manner of novel writers in general. Alas! I fear I must fail; so far *above* nature do they soar in general, that I should fear for my neck, were I to mount my *Pegasus*, and hie after them. What then, if I possess not the talent

of soaring with these eagles of literature, who, with true Hibernian impudence, dare look the sun in the face, when genius sinks abashed at the broad refulgence of his ray—what then? Why, I must e'en look at the words again, and endeavour to affix some other meaning to them. I suppose the critic meant by a *novel manner*, that we should follow nature, and in a pure, chaste, and inartificial manner, relate events as they occur, whilst the sentiments should be at once moral and unaffected. *Pro sancte Jupiter!*

This is certainly a *novel manner*, no less novel than rare; and it resembles the picture of a fine master, when compared to the distorted and unnatural productions of the day. If the critic meant this, he was certainly wrong. I know he was wrong; a few novels of

this kind have been written, have been published, and have been read by few if any. They were too pure, too refined, for the gross taste of the many; and though the few read and admired them, they were as incapable of giving this kind of writing general currency, as of communicating their own taste to the common and promiscuous herd.

But to proceed. As I cannot, or will not, describe the events alluded to, in a *novel manner*, I perceive no way for me to creep out of the scrape. Faith, the weasel in the corn-bin (thanks, bright Fancy, for the hint) very opportunely occurs. As I have fattened upon lies, suppose I starve myself. Lo! I am thin. Thin! you exclaim. Yes, my dear madam, I am like a few others, whom I know, become thin upon truth. Upon truth! Yes, acids, in general,

have not half the effect in thinning the blood, and reducing the whole system, as truth has. Indeed, I have known many just upon the point of being starved on this ethereal, immortal diet; however, they have generally escaped starvation, by adopting one of the easiest remedies in the world. They have tried the effect of the diet I have just left off —I mean of lies; and, wonderful to relate, they have fattened to such a degree, that could you, by one of the pretty, neat little metamorphoses of *Orid*, turn them into hogs, they would beat your *Hampshire* hogs hollow; for these would be but as so many sucking pigs compared to them. But I will give you an instance.

I knew a poor, half-starved, cunning Scotchman: he came from the North with as lauk a pair of jaws, and as

keen an appetite, as ever arrived from the other side of the Tweed. He had heard of the wonderful effect of this said remedy. Without more ado, he looked sharply around him ; sharply, I say, for his wit and his appetite had been whetted on the keenest of all whetstones, that of hunger. He soon perceived that my Lord —— had a most plentiful lack of brains, whilst his guineas surpassed in number the starry lamps of Heaven, when they are all lighted up in honor of a route given by their queen Cynthia. To this peer the Scotchman applied. The persevering Sawney lied, morning, noon, and night. In a short time, he lied himself into a good coat; small cloaths not being so material, did not immediately, though they soon after followed. Hence, with rapid strides, he lied himself into a good post, and, from thence, into a good fortune ;

and then, as he could turn his heels upon his lordship, without shewing what shall be nameless, he did turn his heels, and was, in his own carriage, whirled back to Scotland. I hear that, out of pure gratitude to the principle on which he acted, he means to assume as a motto, that "*Lying is the greatest of all the virtues.*"

This may be all very true, you say, but what the devil is become of you and your father ?

Oh ! as to your humble servant and his father, we arrived very snugly in town. But pray what became of the sweet plaintive girl ? Did you not fall in love with her ?—Upon my honor, madam, I did no such thing.—Strange !—By no means, for I never saw her.—Indeed, sir !—Certainly, madam, I never

saw her, for two reasons; the first, that my father's post-chaise only carried two; and as I and my father occupied it, we had no room for the lady: the second, that if we had had any room, I suppose I should not have fallen in love, for I slept during the whole journey.

Now I say *I suppose*, as *I slept* during the whole journey, that I should not have fallen in love, I do not speak with certainty; but as I remember no instance of any hero, either ancient or modern, who fell in love when asleep, I suppose I should not have increased the misfortune. I cannot say but what it may be possible. Indeed, it would be mightily pretty, surprizing, romantic, witty, and novel, to make a hero fall asleep, but just for the purpose of kidnapping him into love.

Suppose, for example, a stubborn young fellow, who by his coldness and austerity had broken the hearts of two milk-maids, a dairy-maid, a cook and a scullion. Suppose we pop a little *laudanum* into his ale; in a few minutes he falls into a sound sleep, little suspecting the trick that was about to be played him. Alas! poor wretch, thy peace is fled; the hearty laugh and clumsy joke no more are thine; but in their place, the awkward officiousness of affection, and the speaking gloominess of absence.

What could be more wonderful? What more novel? Yes, I am convinced, that to make a hero fall in love when asleep would *take* exceedingly; it is an *original* idea, and I could almost venture to compare it to some of the brightest of the ideas contained in the

novels of Messieurs and Mesdames A, B, C, D, E, F, G, &c. &c. I confess I am very much pleased with this idea of mine ; and if any writer takes a fancy to it, I make him a present of it. If he has any brains, he will shew his descriptive talents in describing the exact dress of the youth when he fell asleep. Do not fear, brother author, lest you should be too minute, for minuteness, even to tediousness, is no bad thing in modern times.

## CHAPTER XII.

We had now been some weeks in town, when we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Belville, whom we had left at *Mon Repos*. My father, from the natural benevolence of his soul, independently of his regard for my cousin, took a lively interest in every thing that concerned him ; and endeavoured, by diverting his attention, to remove the temporary grief that oppressed him. It afforded me sincere pleasure to find that our attempts were not altogether fruitless ; yet still the cause of Belville's grief remained buried in his own bosom, when chance led him

to explain the cause of this mysterious sorrow.

Belville and myself were in the habit of riding before dinner. In the course of one of these morning excursions, we insensibly approached a charming little cottage, whose windows were surrounded with woodbines and jessamine. As we drew near, our attention was attracted by the sight of an old woman, who stood at the window, sobbing violently, and supporting the head of a young girl who had fainted. We involuntarily alighted, and entered the cottage. It was some time before the grief of the old woman would allow her to explain the occasion of the scene before us. But having partly recovered the young woman from the swoon she had fallen into, although she still sat with unmeaning eye gazing through

the window, we prevailed upon the old dame to begin her narrative.

“ Ah ! bless your honors, we were as happy as the day is long ; and my daughter there was to have been married next week to the son of my neighbour Trotman ; and, though I say it that should not say it, as worthy a young man as ever broke bread. But, please your honors, just as every thing was going on well, they have got him for a soldier ; and go, they say, he must, for we cannot raise the money to buy him off—and—”

“ He’ll die ! ” exclaimed the frantic girl ; “ I shall never see him more—I shall never see him more ! ”—and she again swooned.. As I approached to assist the heart-broken mother, the countenance of Belville caught my at-

tention. Wild was the expression of his eye, and pale the hue of his cheek. He started from his seat, threw his purse towards the old woman, and rushed from the cottage.

Alarmed by his manner, I had merely time to add to his bounty, by the contents of my own purse; and satisfied that the cottagers had now more than sufficient to procure the object of their prayers, I followed my friend.

We reached home in silence. I found Belville not disposed to unburthen his feelings, and I felt I had no right to intrude upon his sorrows. He ate but little at dinner; and, contrary to his usual custom, he declined accompanying my father to visit some friends. As we were getting up from the dinner table, he asked me if I could impose

upon myself the dull and uninteresting task of sitting at home with him during the evening. I most cheerfully accepted the invitation.

During the time we were drinking our coffee together, I perceived that Belville was singularly absent and thoughtful; but as the servant was retiring, he seemed to recover himself. No sooner was the door shut than he thus began.

### CHAPTER XIII.

" You must, my dear fellow, have been much surprized at my singular conduct in the cottage ; but when you are acquainted with the events of my life, your surprize will cease ; and, though you cannot believe, you will at least pity me.

" I have often attempted to give you the recital ; but my feelings have as often got the better of my resolution, and have cut short the attempt at the threshold. This is a weakness which I am determined to surmount ; and as no opportunity can possibly present itself more favourable than the present, I will avail myself of it.

“ I inherited from my ancestors a love of the military life. I can distinctly remember the impression made upon my feelings by the first drum I ever heard. The classical studies of my youth tended to increase my fondness for glory, and my enthusiasm for war as the nearest and most honourable road to it.

“ I will not take up your time in describing the particular course of my studies. It will suffice that *Homer* was my favourite author ; and my fondness for the venerable Grecian was, if possible, increased by my knowing, that *Alexander* was no less passionately attached to him. Assuredly, *Homer* is the poet of the warrior.

“ But to proceed. At the age of sixteen I bade adieu to my country, and

hastened to join my father, who was then with his regiment, in a hostile land. I arrived, but it was too late ; my heroic parent had breathed his last on the field of battle ; and all that remained for me was the last melancholy duty of attending those funeral honors, which the whole army joined in paying to his memory.

" I had no time to indulge in grief ; the General bestowed a commission upon me, in compliment to my father's bravery, and I was called to fill the active duties of my station. Proud of this unsolicited distinction, but still more proud of the parent from whom I sprung, I ardently panted to distinguish myself. Glory took entire possession of my soul, and I could see nothing but her crimsoned banner floating upon the bosom of the eastern gale.

" Among my brother officers was one about my own age, of the name of *Melton*. His figure was commanding, yet elegant ; his address manly, yet insinuating ; his genius great, yet versatile. His superior qualities excited my admiration, whilst his amiable urbanity lessened the distance between us, and won my regard.

" You may think that it was a reflection upon his extraordinary talents, when you know his hopes were no less extravagant than my own, and that he would often exclaim with *Hotspur*,

—— Methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon, &c.

" I shall not take up your time with relating the many actions we were both engaged in : we fought side by side ; we conquered together, we bled toge-

ther. Thrice had he rescued me at the risk of every thing, and twice I had, amidst a shower of balls, borne him off when wounded. I shall hasten to an event which has occasioned all the misery I ever experienced.

" Melton and myself volunteered our services to accompany a small force, destined by our General to attack a fort of some strength, and with the carrying of which he purposed finishing the war with a degree of *eclat*.

" As our force was by no means equal to the object in view, unless stratagem was resorted to, we availed ourselves of an extremely dark night, and, having made a considerable number of fires on one side of the fort, and drawn the attention of the garrison to that part, we were enabled to introduce a

party of our men by means of a subterraneous passage we had accidentally discovered on the opposite side of the fortress. To be brief, the carnage was dreadful, and the conflicting din of arms was rendered still more appalling by the impervious gloom of the night. The Governor fell by the sword of Melton; and the garrison, terrified by this circumstance, surrendered the place.

“ During the confusion, Melton and myself, carried away by the warmth of the moment, had pierced into the Governor’s house. Our swords still reeking with gore, we rushed into an apartment, from the top of which was suspended a splendid lamp, which tended to shew the singular magnificence of every thing around it. But our attention was drawn off by the appearance of a female, who

hastened forwards, and threw herself upon her knees before us. We desired her to arise, and gallantly assuring her that we warred not with beauty, we desired that she would lay aside all fear, as she had nothing to apprehend from us.

" As the morning dawned, it presented to us a sight of horrid confusion—the bodies of our friends, scattered amongst those of the enemy, were mingled together in promiscuous disorder. After we had performed the last melancholy offices to departed bravery, and had attended to the wounded, Melton and myself had time to think upon our interesting prisoner, and we hastened to see that she had every attention the nature of things would admit of.

" As we entered the saloon, she arose

with ineffable grace to receive us ; and, having with no less dignity than warmth expressed her thanks for the attention paid to her comfort, she requested we would be seated. As she spoke, a thrilling softness pervaded my soul, and I almost feared to breathe, lest one accent should be lost.

“ The figure of this interesting girl was rather below than above the middle size, but the most exquisite symmetry pervaded every limb. A profusion of light brown hair shaded a countenance of bewitching fairness, whilst the soft ethereal blue of her eyes seemed to temper the intellectual expression which lighted up every feature of her countenance. As you contemplated the charming girl, it was impossible not to feel that she possessed considerable powers of mind, accompanied by the most amiable disposition of soul.

" Melton appeared to admire her with a respect no less passionate than my own. Always amiable and insinuating, his character seemed each moment to acquire fresh lustre; and a pang stole across my bosom when I reflected upon the possibility of having a rival in my friend.

" As we condoled with the charming girl upon the very event that had been so fortunate to us, she interrupted us with a smile, by observing, that she was born in the same country as ourselves, and that she had a father an officer in our army.

" We listened with considerable emotion to a recital of the events which had placed her in the hands of the late Governor of the garrison as his prisoner. As she finished her interesting tale we arose, and took our leave.

"The command of the fort having devolved upon Melton, as the senior officer, he gave directions that rooms should be appropriated for the reception of the widow of the late Governor; and he requested that Miss Meadows might be permitted to participate in the use of them, until such time as the state of the country would admit of her being conveyed to her father.

"This regulation was, in every sense of the word, agreeable to the two ladies, as the widow, in the cheerful society of Miss Meadows, forgot the loss she had sustained; whilst that charming girl, in the protection she experienced, saw additional reason to admire the delicacy of Melton, which she hourly enjoyed the advantage of. Melton and myself daily spent some hours in the society of

the too fascinating Louisa, whose mind, as it expanded itself in the genial warmth of social intercourse, displayed a thousand natural, a thousand acquired beauties. She appeared to unite in her intellectual powers the solidity of our sex with the happy acuteness of her own.

" Whilst we were in her presence, we seemed to forget that we were rivals; so happily, yet so agreeably, did she distribute her smiles between us. Yet I could not but fancy that her eye was particularly eloquent when it dwelt upon the countenance of Melton, whilst his spoke a language it was impossible to misinterpret or misconceive.

" If by chance the conversation insensibly took a turn to the subject of love, she would either treat it with playful levity, or censure it as a weak-

ness which the soldier ought to dread. Though the passions were obedient to her call, and were becalmed at the sound of her syren voice ; though the bosom, when in her presence, ceased to heave with tumultuous violence, yet the moment I had left her, I became a prey to the most discordant sensations.

“ My friendship for Melton was no less pure and exalted than ever ; but love, imperious, tyrannic love, contend- ed for the empire of my soul. Melton and myself both loved ; each thought the other the favoured lover, yet nei- ther had ever declared the passion that agitated him. We had never seen Louisa but in company together ; we met for the purpose of explaining our feelings ; yet, though each came for the express purpose of developing his feelings to the other, we parted without an eclair-

cissement. Chance at last effected what we both so much dreaded, yet both so ardently wished for.

"The apartments in which Louisa resided opened into a lawn and shrubbery. A profusion of aromatic plants were scattered in every direction, and seemed to vie with each other in the fragrance of their odours, and the inviting shade they afforded from the heat of an eastern sun. As if Nature had determined to pour, in profuse bounty, her charms around the spot, a stream crept among the roots of the plants, and soothed the soul with its pensive murmurings.

"Melton and myself had called as usual upon Louisa, and the servant had directed us to the shrubbery. We found her perusing some of the exquisite lines

of the author of the Seasons. As we approached, she laid aside her book.

" After the usual compliments had passed, a silence prevailed. Louise interrupted me by asking, what object had rendered me so unusually pensive ?

" ' I was reflecting,' I exclaimed, ' that this small spot seems to contain every object that could render life happy.'

" I paused ; I felt I had spoken what it was too dangerous even to think ; for the spot contained the woman I passionately adored ; it contained the friend of my bosom ; it was adorned no less by the hand of Nature than of Art ; and a serenity, intoxicating to the soul, pervaded every object.

"Louisa blushed, 'You speak not,' she answered, 'like a soldier. The serenity of this spot may be adapted to the character of a woman, 'whose noblest science is retreat:' but a soldier, whose mistress is glory, would here sink into oblivion.'

"'Is a soldier then,' exclaimed Melton, 'never to taste the delicious languor of peace? Is the warrior's hand never to stay its resistless fury? The soldiers war for peace; we seek it in the cannon's mouth; and, though we forget it for a moment, it returns with tenfold force to our imagination, as we recline at night in our tent, after the hurry and carnage of the day. Yes, this serenity the warrior pants after; but it is not this serenity, alone and unaccompanied; he looks for the smile of beauty, and it charms him in that

retreat where his country's voice is scarcely, if ever, heard. Divine Louisa, I have long felt that your smile was necessary to my peace—but stop—my friend loves you as passionately as myself—Decide between us,’ he exclaimed, ‘and the unfortunate—Yes, I said, the unfortunate being you reject, shall give up his claims to his friend, for rivals we will cease to be.’

Louisa trembled violently; her countenance was suffused with the deepest blush, but she was silent.

“ ‘ Louisa !’ exclaimed Melton !—‘ Louisa !’ I responded !—‘ Louisa !’ again exclaimed Melton; and, plucking a spray of a myrtle which waved around her, he hastily presented it to her, desiring her to bestow it upon the favoured being.

" She arose, returned it into his hands, and flew with lightning-swiftness into the house. Melton, half frantic with joy, followed her—whilst I—I know not what I did—I found myself outside the walls of the fort, riding furiously, I know not whither.

" To be brief—I was well acquainted with the country, and I determined to direct my course to the head-quarters of our army; to solicit some desperate command, and to endeavour to bury my miseries in an honourable grave.

" Fate, however, destined me to encounter scenes, which should harrow the soul without destroying its too vigorous habitation. No sooner had I reached the head-quarters, than I was seized with a violent fever, which, for some time, resisted every attempt to

conquer or eradicate it. At last, it yielded to the force of medicine, and I began gradually to recover my health, but my spirits were by no means restored or invigorated. A degree of languor, that foreboded the worst consequences, had taken possession of me, and I more than once thought that nothing could rouze me from it, and that I should soon become a victim to its corroding influence.

" How little, my dear fellow, do we know ourselves ! Within a few weeks, I was braced up to action, and had desperately undertaken an enterprize which promised almost certain destruction to every one engaged in it. But to proceed methodically.

" The enemy, very much piqued at the loss of the fort, which Melton now

commanded, had sent a considerable force to recover it. This force had proceeded in the siege with vigour; and it was conjectured that the fort must very soon surrender, unless some relief was immediately afforded it.

" Our main army was opposed by a force much superior to itself; and our General was averse to weaken it by detaching any part to the assistance of the fortress. Yet, as it was a very desirable object to retain this place, he listened to my offer to relieve it, if I were allowed a small body of troops for the purpose.

" I was much beloved in the army, and I had no difficulty in procuring volunteers, who, animated with my promises and example, cheerfully engaged to follow me.

“ It was a material object to approach the besieging army without their being aware of it ; I therefore marched during the night, and encamped my men in the woods, with which the country abounded, during the day. By these means, I had arrived within one day’s march of the fort without being discovered by the enemy.

“ Among my troops, I had a trusty corporal, who undertook, under cover of the night, to apprise Melton of my arrival, and to concert with him, that, on a signal to be given, the garrison should, on a certain night, make a sally from the fort, at the same time as my troops attacked the enemy on the other side.

“ The night arrived, and I already, in idea, anticipated the pleasure I should

feel in serving my friend, the lover of Louisa.

" At the appointed signal, the garrison rushed, with wild shouts, from their walls, whilst my heroic little band returned the sound, and pushed in firm column on to victory.

" The enemy were thrown into confusion in every direction ; but, confident in their numbers, they kept their ground with a kind of obstinate infatuation. In the hurry of the conflict, many of them fell by the bands of their own comrades, but the battle was still kept up.

" As the morning dawned, I beheld Melton, bestriding his furious charger, the sides of which were red with gore; I pushed forward to meet him;

the enemy fell before us ; we advanced rapidly towards each other ; I almost held him in my embrace, when, gracious God ! a ball, winged by Fate, entered his breast, and he fell—to breathe no more.

" At that moment," continued Belville, wiping a tear from his eye, " at that moment the enemy fled in every direction, and victory was completely our own.

" Carried away in the pursuit of the flying enemy, and anxious to collect my troops together, it was night before I could conduct them into the fort. Having performed this duty, I once more turned the head of my charger towards the field of battle. It was my object to seek the body of the heroic Melton, and to bear it with me to the fort.

" My horse, worn out with the uncommon exertions he had endured, answered but feebly to my impatient desires : he walked slowly to the field of action.

" The slowness of his pace was but too well adapted to a thousand harrowing reflections, which passed, in rapid succession, across my mind. I recalled the noble qualities of the lost Melton ; his aspiring mind ; his gentle soul ; his heroic spirit. They were gone ; torn from me for ever.

" The moon now lent a feeble light—was now obscured by a thick cloud, whilst the darkness, which brooded over the bosom of a neighbouring wood, was but ill calculated to dispel my harrowing reflections. I thought that I knew the spot where my friend fell ;

and I directed my horse towards it. As I approached, I was startled at the sound of a female voice, which, as it died away on the gale, appeared familiar to my ear. I paused, and distinctly heard the voice of Louisa !

" I spurred my horse towards the spot ; he refused to move. I alighted, and hastened towards it ; I frequently stumbled over the cold and stiffened bodies of the dead ; but, recovering myself, I steadily pursued the direction from which the voice proceeded. At last, I thought I perceived a white form flitting before me ; I rushed forward, and fell on the lifeless body of one of my own soldiers. I arose, fatigued, dejected, heart-broken. I could not forbear envying the lot of that being, who slept in eternal peace at my feet.

“ Louisa’s voice again broke upon the silence of the night, and I once more followed it. I now gained sight of her ; she was walking rapidly over the mangled bodies of the dead ; now stooping to look at this body, then at that, ejaculating with frantic horror, ‘ *I shall never see him more !—I shall never see him more !* ’ A chilling agony pervaded all my limbs. I stood petrified and immovable, until she again stooped to examine the face of another body. As she lifted it up, the moon shone full upon it, and shewed the well-known features of her beloved *Melton* !

“ Eternal Providence ! never shall I forget the agonizing moment, as she screamed with wild and supernatural vehemence, and fell upon the cold body of that being whose heroic spirit she had followed to another world.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

As my father's object was to shew me the world, he thought he could not act better, than to introduce me to a distant relation, who lived in great style, at the fashionable end of the town.

Mr. Nightly was a very good sort of a man; of a moderate, but inactive mind. In brief, a man in the habit of adopting the common-place run of sentiments and opinions, less, perhaps, from an incapacity of deciding upon some, and of refuting others, than from a habit which precluded all exertion; I mean a habit of adopting, without ex-

amination, those opinions of which, when he came into the world, he found it in the quiet possession.

This, which is by no means an uncommon habit, has been productive of inconveniences, and is to be severely censured, as it precludes all invention, and impedes all improvement; but we must not forget that it is less erroneous than the rage for novelty, accompanied, as it has been, with the undiscriminating contempt for every thing ancient, merely because it is ancient.

If one would clog invention, and choak improvement, the other, with merciless folly, would, in one moment, sweep away the rich wisdom of ages, and substitute nothing in its place, but wild conjecture, and puerile hypothesis.

It was at the house of Mr. Nightly that we met Sir Henry ——. Sir Henry was born to the possession of an affluent fortune. His family was ancient and respectable ; his education was finished at a university ; his mind, though not strong, could not be said to be weak, if excelling in the objects of pursuit be allowed to be a merit. Unfortunately, those objects were neither of an elevated, nor of an honourable nature. He was infected with the fashionable mania of horse-racing and gaming. No man was better skilled in the chances on *Hambletonian* and *Diamond* ; nor was any one better versed in all the tricks of hazard. These were the sole objects of his ambition, and in these he excelled.

I remember, as my father pointed out this brilliant star in the hemisphere of fashion, he insisted very strongly

upon Sir Henry's being an incontrovertible example in support of his favorite axiom ; and putting *Locke* into my hands, he pointed to the following passage :

“ The defect in *Naturals* seems to proceed from want of quickness, activity, and motion, in the intellectual faculties, whereby they are deprived of reason ; whereas madmen, on the other side, seem to suffer by the other extreme ; for they do not appear to me to have lost the faculty of reasoning, but having joined together some ideas very wrongly, they mistake them for truths, and they err as madmen do, who argue right from wrong principles.”

“ Now,” continued my father, “ what can be more clearly expressed ? You would imagine that *Locke*, when he

wrote these words, had in his eye the very identical object we are talking about; that he saw Sir Henry misappling all the advantages of birth, station, education, and fortune, and, by the strangest species of reasoning, a species of reasoning worthy alone of a madman, *joining together ideas very wrongly and mistaking for a truth, that the qualities of a jockey and a black-leg are honourable and praise-worthy.*

"I am well aware that the fashionable world presents innumerable examples, not merely of a similar nature, but of a nature to which the same reasoning will apply; nor am I ignorant that there are some men who from hence would infer, that what so many follow cannot be wrong, and that that cannot be a disorder with which the whole town is, more or less, infected.

“ Nimirum insanus paucis videatur eo quod  
“ Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatar eodem.”

“ This, however, is false reasoning ; the generality of a disease does not destroy its existence, though it does its singularity. Nor can it be any answer to *Locke*, or any refutation of his principle, to alledge, that he has misapplied the term ; for that we term such conduct *fashion*, or, when we speak more harshly, we term it *folly*. I say, and so would *Locke* say, that we misapply terms ; that our vanity, our pride, and our cunning, have invented a thousand erroneous terms, under which the true nature and essence of things are lost to the general view of mankind.

“ It remains for reason and philosophy to penetrate through the veil, and not, like the mass of men, receive principles alike inimical to truth and hap-

piness. Before I conclude, I would make another observation.

" In speaking of actions, we should never forget, that in applying lenient terms to depraved actions, we are guilty of an error, an error which may be attended with the worst consequences. We mislead those who are led by words rather than by things ; and we induce them to believe there is little or no criminality in this or that pursuit, when the fact itself is otherwise ; but were it not so, the very act of consuming our lives, and applying our talents to things of no merit ; things of neither public nor private virtue, is in itself highly criminal, though its criminality may be increased by the vicious nature of the purposes to which it is applied.

" Did men speak with the candid

severity which they ought, with respect to actions, many beings would fly from vice, who now too eagerly court it."

## CHAPTER XV.

I SHALL pass over many of the scenes of this part of my life. In other words, I shall not fatigue the reader with the many examples which my native country afforded, to substantiate my father's opinion: for the fact literally was, that we could not move a step without treading upon the toe of some being to whom *Swift's* definition would apply—‘A person whose intellects were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position, which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of *madness*.’

“ *Locke* himself says, that ‘there are

degrees of madness; but in whatever degree it takes possession of a man's brain, it never fails to be accompanied by a most singular and instinctive *cunning*, which invariably deceives the disordered person, and not unfrequently deludes others."

"When a man's fancy," continues Swift, gets astride on his reason, when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing others over; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within."

No sooner, therefore, is a man thoroughly infected with this distemper,

than he sets about to find a name for his disorder, if a name is to be found; if not, he sets himself to work to invent a name, which, like the *taking* title of a book, or, like Dr. ——'s advertisements, is sure to impose upon the silly, and *may*, and not unfrequently does, impose upon the prudent; and then, would you but believe the cunning rascal, there is nothing the matter with him; his mind is sound wind and limb; he is merely *fashionable*.

Thus, no sooner does a man mount his hobby-horse *mania*, gallop along the highway helter skelter, like an opposition coach, to the great annoyance of all sober, sedate people, who are passing along our sovereign Lord the King's highway; no sooner does he give the most ample demonstration of his being thoroughly qualified to fill

for life a snug apartment in Bedlam ; no sooner has he taken the most effectual way to ruin and disgrace his family, and turn them loose upon the town ; his sons in the honourable fraternity of black legs, and his daughters in the no less honourable class of demi-reps ; no sooner has a man performed all these dashing and spirited actions ; no sooner, in a word, is he immediately within the meaning of every definition of a madman which has ever been written, than he starts forward—*a fashionable man, a man of the ton, a man of high life !*

Nescio an anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.

We do not mean to object to the terms, for we are ready to acknowledge that such conduct, as we have described, is *fashionable* ; but when, as *Sir Roger* says, “ any man who thinks can

see, that the affectation of being gay, and in fashion, has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion."

We deem ourselves justified in asserting, that such conduct is that of *a madman*. On the other hand, when we allow that such conduct as we have described is fashionable, we would not forfeit the right which reason has given us, to protest against that association which the mind is in the habit of making, when it attaches praise or admiration to such conduct, or when it views the same in a less detestable light than it ought, merely from its being fashionable.

In either of these cases, the mind is guilty of an abuse of terms; and this reminds me of what my father one day remarked to me, that a great proof of

the madness of mankind was to be discovered in their abuse of terms. So various were the meanings attached to the same word, that it was difficult, he remarked, to find any two sets of people who would use the *same* word in the *same* sense.

At the time my father made this remark, we were passing by the Exchange—"Suppose," said, my father, "we step in, and investigate this point."

"Pray," said my father, addressing a respectable looking man, "do you know Mr. ——?"

"Perfectly well, Sir."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A very good one, I assure you."

"*Good*, do you say ! Why," continued my father, " I am told that he debauched his friend's wife—that he—"

"Stop!" exclaims the other, "what have these things to do with the question ? Is he not worth a hundred thousand pounds?"

So the term *good*, when used on the Exchange means a *rich man*. As we came out of the Exchange, we chanced to meet one of my old college acquaintances. After mutual congratulations were past, I enquired if he knew Jack Lackwit ?

"Know him ! yes," he exclaims, "and a cursed good fellow he is."

"*Good*!" I replied, "why I hear that he is the most stupid fellow in the

whole university, and, at the same time, the most extravagant and vicious ; in brief, that he is—”

“ My dear fellow, do not be in such a hurry : I saw Jack drink three bottles without being *cut*.”

He bowed, and walked on, finding that *good* meant a man who could drink three bottles without being intoxicated.

We had scarcely left this spark, ere we were accosted by a limb of the law, the spruce Mr. *Qui-tam*. He was very elaborate in praise of a pleader of eminence, and termed him a *good* lawyer. We found by the discourse of *Qui-tam*, that no man was better skilled than this pleader was in all those quirks and quibbles by which Vice escapes her merited

punishment, and Virtue is retarded in pursuit of justice.

Scarcely had we escaped from this nursing of litigation ere we fell in with a sectary. He praised the goodness of one of his own sect; of a man whom I had often heard censured for his vices and his hypocrisy.

It was in vain that my father urged, that this *good* man had seduced the daughter of his friend, who, on his death-bed, had confided his child to the care of this viper.

The other replied, that no man attended a meeting more punctually—no man's faith was greater—nor was any man's zeal for the cause more lively and active.

My father heavily sighed ; and, in a low tone of voice, softly ejaculating,  
*Qui sceleratus et furiosus erit*, walked silently on.

## CHAPTER XVI.

We had scarcely been in town a fortnight ere we received an invitation to join a large route, which Mr. Nightly intended to give at a future and distant day. As my father was desirous of shewing me what is termed “the world,” we accepted the invitation.

Many rooms were opened on the occasion, but there were some things that occasioned my surprize. Although I was almost suffocated by the intolerable pressure of the crowd, I could continually hear the expressions, “ Nobody here,” “ Rooms prodigiously empty,” and others of a like import.

My father saw my surprize, and whispered me, that the people who made use of these expressions had the *mania of affectation*, and, in fact, laboured under the error of *joining together ideas very wrongly, and mistaking for a truth*, that the affectation of greatness was, in truth, greatness itself, when the reverse is nearer the fact.

As we wandered through the rooms, I was particularly struck with the attention paid to a female, whose person was neither young nor fascinating. My father anticipated my question, and remarked, that it must appear singular to me, though it was a fact, that the lady in question, though followed and courted by the crowd, was suspected, and that rather strongly too, not to be over virtuous or honourable.

"But," added my father, "she is a peeress of the realm; her parties are most splendid; and she had been allowed, though not without some opposition, to give the fashion; or, in other words, to be the fashion. To what," continued my father, "can you ascribe the circumstance, that an adulteress, a black-leg, a woman neither of religion nor principle, should have this universal influence? Why that the fountain is poisoned at its source—that madness is the rage—that the most lamentable indifference to every thing, save the mere name of virtue, is prevalent in certain circles? But come, let us press forwards; let us leave what often contaminates by its example. I see that which may contaminate in its effect. Do you observe that gentleman who is listened to by the circle around him, with so much flattering complacency?

That man is celebrated as a duellist and a libertine."

"And those women!" I exclaimed, who listen to him?"

"They are called," my father answered, "virtuous; how long they may continue so may be a serious question."

"But what can tempt them," I replied, "to listen to the depraved being you have described?"

"Their's, my boy, is the *mania of* vanity; they are no less mad than their neighbour, but it is in their own way. Each of them thinks she shall subdue this enemy to female virtue; and, in the hope of this brilliant triumph, she is ready to incur any danger. But here a firm and virtuous retreat is at least as

honourable as victory, whilst it is far more wise and prudent. To reclaim the character in question is, of all attempts, the most futile ; the man who can calmly seduce the wife of his bosom friend, and then coolly shoot the husband through the head, is too far gone for a silly, vain woman to restore him to virtue. As nothing, therefore, can be more "*opposite to reason,*" than the attempt, so nothing can be more insane, than for a woman rashly to expose her character and virtue in a contest, where she will gain, at the utmost a being that she should reject with horror ; and where she may add to the catalogue of those unfortunate creatures, who have already fallen victims to his black depravity."

“ But some of the ladies appear to be married women. How is this, Sir ?

" You mean," answered my father, " how can their husbands submit to their wives having such an acquaintance as the man in question. This requires some explanation. Their husbands, though indifferent, perhaps, towards them, are not, we must suppose, indifferent to what they term their own honor. What, then, can tempt them to allow their wives such an acquaintance? The most prudent of them would, perhaps, tell you, that they would not suffer the man in question *to enter their houses*; that if they were too nice, they must give up all society; and that allowing their wives to hold a conversation in a general and mixed society, cannot be productive of any injury. There is in these two last reasons much sophistry, because it is neither necessary for a man to give up all society, nor to encourage depravity; neither is

the danger, in a general and mixed society, so small as they would represent it; since, in a general assembly, those plans are frequently concerted, which are afterwards but too fatally executed in privacy.

“ Another set of men there are in the world, who indulge their wives in the same liberty from a principle much less respectable, and therefore more censurable.

“ The men to whom I now allude are those who will submit to any absurdity *rather than be laughed at*. Though such men happen to be fond of their wives, they will submit to the possible chance of having their happiness for ever wrecked, rather than incur imputation of jealousy from those beings whose opinions they ought to de-

spise—whose principles they ought to deprecate.

“ It would be almost impossible to produce the many instances which have occurred to my observation of this *mania*. However ridiculous it may seem, it is by no means uncommon. It is so obviously a species of insanity, that I need not demonstrate what every child would be convinced of, who saw a man staking hundreds, in order to prove that he was worth pence.”

I here interrupted my father, by remarking, that what he said, though applicable to a considerable class of individuals, did not yet seem to apply to the general mass of the beings who composed such an assembly as that we were then in; and that there must be many respectable and virtuous men not

contaminated by the errors he deprecated, who introduced their wives and children into such assemblies as the present.

“ Perhaps so,” replied my father, “ some few are not aware of the vices which surround them ; some again, though aware, are yet not fully apprehensive of the extent of the danger ; but, generally speaking, that *mania* which blends virtue and vice into one promiscuous confusion, which esteems vice as connected with rank and fortune as venial, or, at least, as much less censurable, is far too general, far too fashionable and prevalent.

“ What should we say to a man who happened to be placed in a city infected with the plague ; who saw it spreading in every direction around

him, and yet, without taking the proper precautions to avoid it, expected that it would neither attack nor injure his family or person? What should we say? As such conduct is *opposite to reason*, and could only arise from a most fatal *disorderly jumbling of ideas*, it can admit but of one name, and in fact can be general only in that country where “*madness itself is the rage.*”

My father was here interrupted by the approach of a gentleman in black, whom he immediately addressed by the name of Elwick. The person of Colonel Elwick was tall and thin, but yet, if a small bend in the shoulders be excepted, not destitute of grace. His countenance was sallow yet expressive; and a certain intelligence in his eye evinced that he was not destitute of talents. He looked with an air of indif-

ference upon the busy scene before him ; yet his penetrating glance frequently perused the face of every young female who passed before him. Absorbed in painful absence, he was often inattentive to the questions put to him. I felt a singular interest to be acquainted with the events of his life, but no opportunity offered of inquiring of my father, from whom Colonel Elwick suddenly broke, after exclaiming as he left us, “ What idle farce dwells here.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next morning, as we sat at breakfast, Belville requested my father would advise him how he was to proceed in an affair of some intricacy and difficulty.

It seems that my cousin, in his different campaigns, had acquired considerable property, as his proportion of plunder and prize-money, and that he had, at various times, remitted nearly the whole of it into the hands of an agent. The agent, who was a man of strict honor, had sent the proper acknowledgments to Belville by the hands of a friend,

who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the enemy.

When Belville arrived in his native country, his first step was to apply to the agent; but, to his great surprize and regret, he learnt that the agent had died a short time before, and that all his affairs and papers were in the hands of Mr. Timothy Chicanery.

To Mr. Timothy Chicanery, then, Belville directed his steps, and having rather inconsiderately acknowledged that all his proofs of the debt were lost, he found Chicanery by no means disposed either to allow any claim justly existed, or that he had effects to pay such, if it were possible to substantiate it.

My father was at a loss what to advise; but proposed, for the present, to

wave the consideration of the subject as the carriage was at the door waiting to conduct us to the house of Mr. Classical, a relation of ours, who resided a few miles from town, and to whom we had not yet paid our respects.

As we approached the mansion of Mr. Classical, I could not but remark the uniform style of architecture, that pervaded every building. Here was a Grecian cenotaph—there a Grecian bath—here a Grecian urn—there a Grecian temple. In short, as we drove up the park, I could almost persuade myself that I breathed the mild air of *Attica*, had not a sharp northerly wind checked the idle fumes of a wandering imagination.

Upon entering the house, I was

astonished at the singular dress of our host, which consisted of a large crimson mantle, whilst his head was crowned with a chaplet of flowers.

Having conducted us into a splendid room, we were regaled with a profusion of fruits, ices, and wines. My father and our host now entered into an animated conversation, but the subject was purely the customs and manners of the ancients, for whom Mr. Classical expressed the most unbounded admiration. I now perceived the source of the singular extravagance I had remarked, in the dress and appearance of our host, which he intended as a compliment to us, because the ancients were always habited in that manner, when they regaled their friends. *Quis unquam cœnavit atratus?* Who has ever been known to sup in

black ? asks Cicero, evidently alluding to this identical custom.

As we were returning home, my father observed that Mr. Classical was a man of considerable natural talents, although they were obscured by some singularities, as, indeed, we must have observed. It seems, that, in early life, he had addicted himself to the study of the ancients ; and that, being a man of great native taste, and much soundness of judgment, he had passionately admired the splendid relics of antiquity on the subjects of poetry, oratory, and philosophy. His mind by an easy transition, had passed from an admiration of the works of the ancients to a fondness for their manners and customs to which, from a partiality uncommon, except amongst the learned, he had given the most decided preference

when compared to those of his own age and country. But, though this led him into some absurdities, and often occasioned his forgetting, that what was adapted to the warmth of a Grecian sky, was but little in unison with our northern atmosphere, it was impossible not to admire the elegance and justness of his taste, when descanting upon the sublimity and beauty of the bards of antiquity, or when investigating the principles of their great philosophers.

Struck with the soundness of Mr. Classical's observations on these subjects, I could not resist expressing the pleasure I felt, as I heard this singular man enlightening every subject connected with ancient literature. He observed it, and acting upon the delusion which threw an air of singularity

over every thing he did, he invited Belville and myself to an entertainment, which, he said, he would endeavour to conduct, in as strict a conformity with the manners and customs of the ancients, as the nature of things would admit. We accepted the invitation, less from a desire of seeing what we had so often read of, than from the pleasure, we flattered ourselves we should derive, from the entertaining conversation of our host. As my readers, in all probability, were never present at such an entertainment, I shall appropriate the next chapter to a particular description of it.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

We took care not to make our visit before the evening, for we were aware that, consistent with the rules of Athenian politeness, we should be neither too early, nor too late.

Upon our arrival we were received by our host in the *aule* or hall of the mansion. He extended his *right* hand to us, this being the most common mode of salutation among the ancients, and being esteemed by them a sincere pledge of fidelity and friendship.

He then conducted us through the  
VOL. I. I

different apartments of his house, observing that it was, by the ancients, accounted a mark of ill-breeding immediately to sit down to the table. He did not forget to shew us his bath, which consisted of the *apoduterion*, or room for undressing; the *baptisterion*, or hot bath; and the *aoutron*, or cold bath. He remarked that the ancient baths generally consisted of five rooms, but the other two were connected with the use of ointments, a thing unnecessary in our cold climate. From hence we were conducted to the banqueting room. As we approached it, we were agreeably surprized by inhaling the rich odours of some precious woods, which were burning.

Some servants now appeared bearing salvers filled with water, which they proceeded to pour upon our hands.

We then drew by lot for the king of the banquet, whose peculiar office it is, to keep the company in order, without checking a proper degree of freedom ; to give the signal for circulating bumpers ; to name the toasts, and to observe that all the laws of drinking are attended to. The lot fell upon our host.

We now approached the table, which was strictly in the Grecian costume. Around it were spread the beds or couches for the guests, each bed or couch being covered with crimson tapestry. Upon these we reclined, supporting the upper parts of our bodies on our left arms, the lower being stretched out at length, or otherwise placed, according to the pleasure of each individual.

Our host now remarked to us, that the ancients were accustomed to place the statues of some of their gods upon the table, to whom they offered libations, in return for the benefits they had received. Hence, as he observed, the rites of hospitality were held sacred; since to violate them was an insult to those deities, who, being present, were supposed to preside over them.

The first course, or *deipnon proimion*, now made its appearance. It consisted of a variety of herbs, eggs, honey, shell-fish, small birds, &c. &c. the object of which, as our host informed us, was rather to create than allay appetite.

After we had amused ourselves with the first course, the second, or *deipnon*, made its appearance, in which the taste of our host and his liberality went hand

in hand, to present us with whatever was esteemed most exquisite in game, poultry, and fish.

This was followed by the *trite trapeza*, or third course, which consisted of a great variety of sweetmeats and fruits of every description.

Our host here remarked with a smile, that he supposed we were not desirous of availing ourselves of our right, as guests, of choosing each what was most agreeable to the taste of his friend, and sending it to him ; an attention seldom omitted at the ceremonious entertainments of the Athenians.

I had almost forgot to observe, that previously to our entering the supper-room, we had, in compliance with the wishes of our host, arrayed ourselves in

white. During the period which elapsed between the first and second course, servants entered, bearing in garlands composed of freshly-gathered flowers, with which each guest adorned his head, whilst the remaining chaplets were scattered in different parts of the room.

And now I am on the subject of flowers, I should not omit, that a rose was suspended over the table, to signify that what was there spoken should be buried in silence ; an allusion borrowed from the tradition, that the rose was dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, in order to engage him to conceal the amours of Venus.

Our host lamented that the nature of our climate was averse to the use of ointments, to which the Greeks were so

passionately addicted, that they considered no entertainment complete without them.

The *crateres*, or goblets, were now introduced ; one being appropriated for the use of each guest. They were small, but of silver, and were beautifully embossed with designs from the *antique*, representing some of the fables relating to the god Bacchus. These, having been decked with garlands, were filled to the brim, as a mark of respect to each of the guests.

Our host now elevates his goblet, and having uttered the Grecian word *chaire*, he sent the goblet to Belville, observing, that, by the Athenian rules of good-fellowship, he was to drink off whatever remained in the goblet. The same compliment was paid

to each of us, beginning with strict propriety, and carrying the *propinatio*n towards the right hand.

We now drank to our absent friends, omitting that custom by which, at the mention of each name, a small quantity of the wine was poured upon the ground, by way of libation to the gods, for the happiness of those whose names were drank.

Our host here remarked, with a smile, that the names of our mistresses should also "live in our flowing cups."

After we had consumed some time in this manner, our host lamented that the lyre of the ancients was lost, and with it the custom for each guest to accompany it with his voice, holding at the same time a branch of laurel or

myrtle in his hand. But he had endeavoured, to the best of his power, to atone for the loss we must experience, in being deprived of this exquisite part of the entertainment.

As he uttered these words, the spreading doors of the banqueting-room suddenly flew open, and we were entertained by the vocal powers of some excellent singers, whom our entertainers had hired for the express purpose.

As they ceased, a delightful band exerted all its powers to charm us—now breathing a softly voluptuous air—now swelling in full majesty—then dying gradually away on the gale, and now again calling us to life with its sprightly and animating tones.

This was only a prelude to the entry

of a set of buffoons, mimics, and jugglers, who, having diverted us with their humour, grimaces, and dexterity, retired.

The conversation now, insensibly, took a turn to the philosophy of the Greeks ; and the works of the Stagyrite were mentioned. In answer to an observation upon the subject, Mr. Classical replied,

“ I think the *Ethics to Nicomachus* the finest system of morality ever written without the aid of revelation. The author lays it down, that all human actions have some particular object in view, and tend, either meditately or immediately, to one grand determinate end, viz. *Happiness* :—and that the only road to happiness is *Virtue*. Having proved this fundamental position, he is

led into a consideration of each virtue in particular ; and he concludes his system with giving the decided preference to intellectual happiness, as contrasted to mere practical, because it is more sublime, more capable of durability, and the most resembles the happiness we must ascribe to the Deity.

“ But this system, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, is only an introduction to his great work on *Politics*. It is very much to be lamented that this work has descended to us in a mutilated state. Yet, labouring as it does under this disadvantage, I should have no hesitation in giving it the decided preference to every other work on the subject which has ever appeared.

“ *Montesquieu* himself, that Hercules in the principles of legislation, borrow-

ed profusely from this source, but had not always the candour to acknowledge the obligation. I allude more particularly to the first volume of *L'Esprit des Lots*. But to return to the *Politieia* of the Stagyrite, I had forgotten one very high merit it possesses. I mean its very intimate connexion with the Ethics. The Stagyrite lays it down as an eternal, immutable principle, that states, like men, must be virtuous in order to be happy ; and that that state will always be the most happy which is the most virtuous. States, like men, may err, and think that a crooked and vicious system of policy will most contribute to their interest : but the advantage that they gain can never be permanent, and short will be the period ere the machine rebound upon its master, and bury him beneath its ruins !”

It was late ere we departed, no less

pleased with the intellectual powers of our host, than amused by that singular attachment to the manners and customs of the ancients, which appeared the only foible of his character, and which, like a spot upon the sun's disk, was lost amidst the fulgence surrounding it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I MUST now hasten to introduce some new characters to the acquaintance of my readers.

I believe I have not informed them that my father had one sister, whose character I once heard him describe in terms nearly resembling the following :

She had a mind, he observed, strong and vigorous, which was well calculated to elevate her character to an enviable height of excellence, had it not too often been at the mercy of passions the most violent and ungovernable.

Her soul was warm and generous, capable of heroic acts of goodness; and, it is but justice to say, they sat with such an air of ease upon her, that we might easily perceive they were natural to her character, and that it was no exertion to her to perform them.

But, as she was capable of ascending to a great height in the scale of virtuous and mental excellence, she could also descend into the scale of depravity. She was proud to a degree bordering on crime. Hence, as her passions, frequently tempestuous, and always powerful, led her not unoften into prejudices, her pride prevented that candour, which would have induced her to recede or retract; and error once adopted was for ever persevered in. She was always in extremes. To-day you were the bright angel of her fancy, but ere the

morrow's setting sun, you were the demon, whose pestiferous breath corroded every object on which it alighted.

She married, when very young, a man whose character will illustrate itself in the events of his life. Let it for the present suffice, that he differed in many respects from my father.

My aunt, as I shall henceforth call her, knew that my father approved not of her choice. She had previously made up her mind, and the opposition of my father not only augmented her resolution, but created a coolness between the families, which had not totally subsided at the period of our journey to the metropolis.

My aunt had now been married nearly twenty years. Few had been the

visits which had passed between my father and her ; but as my father had perceived, since his arrival in town, or rather imagined that he had perceived, something like unhappiness in his sister's mind, the native goodness of his soul had got the better of every thing, and he had latterly treated her with a gentleness, a kindness, and an affection, that had touched her to the soul. Things were in this state, when my father was one evening broken in upon by the entrance of a servant, who intreated that he would not hesitate a moment, but fly to my uncle's house.

Alarmed and startled at the sudden message, we hastened together to the mansion. Eternal Providence ! Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to our eyes. Reclined on the sofa, lay my uncle, in the horrors of death,

the most dreadful, the most agonizing to the soul, for it was inflicted by his own hand during a paroxysm of despair.

Near him stood the surgeon, endeavouring, without effect, to stop the effusion of blood, which proceeded from a wound made in the head by a pistol-bullet.

In the indescribable agony of the blackest despair, rendered, if possible, more dreadful by the faint ray of hope, which the heart, to relieve itself of its misery, would now and then throw across the scene, in the blackest despair, stood my aunt ; pale and haggard were her looks, livid were her lips ; frenzied was the glance of her immovable eye, but tearless and dry ; her hand was convulsively grasped in that of her

**expiring husband.** At the foot of the sofa the little objects of their love were seated. One little girl was crying, whilst a boy was endeavouring to stop her tears ; another was inquiring of his mother when poor papa would get better ; for such had been the sudden nature of the blow, that no one had taken the children from the room of misery.

Reader, I must be brief ; and if thou hast any humanity, thou wilt thank me ; for I now shudder to recal this picture of consummate wretchedness.—My paper is blotted with my tears. Let it suffice, then, to remark, that a few moments only elapsed, ere my uncle breathed his last.

## CHAPTER XX.

He was born to affluence ; life expanded its sweetest flowers to captivate his youth ; but sophistry poisoned the flowers that bloomed around him. It is difficult to state the period *when he* imbibed ideas inimical to his happiness, and subversive of his peace ; but it is most probable, that, during the first lessons of infancy, he was taught to think erroneously.

His education was vicious ; the food his mind received tended to disease it, and prepared it for the reception of that insanity, to which he ultimately

fell a victim : for religion, which ought to have been the basis, was either altogether neglected, or was treated with an indifference productive of contempt ; whilst, among the earliest rudiments of instruction, he was persuaded to laugh at the honest and respectable opinions of mankind, and to view them as prejudices unbecoming a man of the world ; and at the same time he was taught to believe, that the vices of a gentleman were venial, whilst those of a plebeian were at once disgusting and unpardonable ; a distinction which, it is unnecessary to observe, neither reason nor morality sanctions.

If such were the early impressions of his youth, it cannot surprise, that he plunged, with headlong impetuosity, into the vices and dissipations of the day.

Scarcely had he commenced this course of life, when chance introduced him to my father's sister. Her fortune, her connexions, her person, and her manners, were alike unobjectionable ; and he married her.

I shall be brief upon the subsequent events of his life ; for, I grieve to say, he merely lived a life, the frequency of which has destroyed the surprize of *any*, and prevented the reflection of *most*, who might otherwise perceive its criminality. Whilst few men were more fashionable, few were more vicious ; whilst few were more honorable, few were more dishonest ; whilst his barouche rattled along the street, his barouche-maker was unpaid ; and whilst his debts of honour were punctually discharged, his tradesmen starved.

In this *fashionable* routine, he contributed to elevate and support the vicious and depraved, whilst, by depriving the honest and industrious of their own, he struck a deadly blow at the breast of Virtue.

If this course of life were long, it must be ascribed to the extent of his means, which enabled him to postpone the day of retribution. But as that fatal day approached, Despair first unveiled her paralyzing countenance : he shrunk with horror from the view ; and, in the agony of the moment, flew to plunge himself still deeper in the gulf.

What were his reflections ? Could he, in the faithful annals of a too retentive memory, recal one act of pure, noble, and disinterested goodness ?

Could he recal one act of private, or  
of public virtue; one defenceless being,  
rescued from the gripe of oppression;  
one patriotic exertion, against corruption.  
Alas, no ! His fortune, his character,  
ruined, and for what ?

To run a silly, infuriate round of idle bustle,  
To be the most ridiculous puppet on the stage :

To feed parasites, fools, and knaves :  
to be the vainest of the vain : to be a  
slave to Pleasure, and, under her assumed name, to lead a life of disgusting  
fatigue, monotony, and insipidity.

—Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain :  
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank ;  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.—THOMSON.

**Alas!** agonizing were his reflections, and Religion, with her all-subduing smile, soothed him not as he labored under them; for he had *fashionably* excluded her from the number of his acquaintance.

To be brief, for it is a melancholy tale, a pistol ended a life, which was a burthen to the being who possessed it.

His was certainly a character, which my father would have selected, to illustrate his favourite axiom. My father would have reasoned, had not the big tear always trickled down his check, at the mention of my uncle's name, he would have reasoned thus: Few men ever entered life, with means more abundant, of rendering the greatest service to public, and to private

virtue. As a senator, he might have improved our laws, and his smile, from this elevated station, would have nourished virtue, and paralyzed vice.

As a man of large fortune, various were the opportunities of shewing his benevolence, his humanity, his generosity. Thousands might have thrived beneath the general ray of his bounty; thousands might have hailed him, as their friend, their preserver, their protector. He might have elevated the standard of virtue, as a sacred banner for all to rally around: but as his bounty, like the waves of a mighty river, might expand to distant shores; its influence would have been no less felt on its native banks. For *his family*, by his example, might have been trained to run a course similar to his own; and sweet would have been his reflections,

as the angel of death summoned him to another scene, sweet would have been his reflections, that others remained to act as he had done ; to keep alive the glowing ray of virtue, and to nourish a warmth, which would cheer the otherwise cold and desolate breasts of thousands. But, having “joined together ideas very wrongly, and mistaking for a truth” that happiness was not to be found in Virtue, but in Fashion ; under the influence of this *mania*, he abandoned the pure, delicious streams of virtue, for the cold, doubtful, insipid, cup of fashion. Let us, my father would have continued, let us divest ourselves of all prejudice, and we shall find, that *fashion* is that “disorderly jumbling of ideas” which *Locke* emphatically terms, *madness* ; and, at the same time, it is, in every sense of the word, “*opposition to reason.*”

Let us, for example, ask any rational, unprejudiced being, how far he can say that man is of sound intellect, who piques himself upon turning night into day, and day into night; upon walking for a couple of hours in a narrow, dirty street, at the risk of being run over, or knocked down; upon exposing himself to the chance of being squeezed to death, in a room to contain *all the world*; upon wearing clothes made by a certain taylor only; upon speaking in a certain tone, and swearing in a certain mode; upon violating all duties, moral and divine; upon preferring any man's wife to his own, but upon being extremely affronted, if any man should be so unreasonable, as to wish to return the compliment &c. &c. This, Sir John, is the sum of thy excellence.—Cast it up—how small is the merit? None—for fools and rogues

have played the same game, and often played it better than thou hast. Yet, you exclaim, I shall be *remembered* in the annals of Fashion !

How long ? Until a man more mad, appears. He comes—My Lord starts to-morrow to run the same course—thou art forgotten !

Now, continues my father, if we make but little ceremony, in popping a man into *Bedlam*, who has only *one* irrational and strange notion, and that, perhaps, a notion perfectly inoffensive, what should we do to such a being, as the one I have just described—a man, who has the *mania* of at least a hundred madmen, summed up in himself ; in other words, *madness* enough to stock all *Bedlam*.

Happy would it be, if there were few such. As the case is, we grieve for human nature. But if the common mass, unendowed with superior powers either of mind, or of soul ; if the common mass must excite a sigh, as we contemplate the beings composing it, hurried away by this mania, what must be our emotions as we behold the man of genius a victim to the same disease ?

Alas ! why should the poet sing, the historian write, the warrior bleed, or the patriot die, if happiness and glory are centered in fashion ? Was it to play this idle part in the drama of life, a part more worthy of a puppet than a rational being ? Was it for this that the Creator has adorned man with such a variety of powers ? Was it for this that the mind breathes its divine

its unextinguishable ardor and sublimity ; that the bosom heaves with a thousand emotions, no less generous than tender ; and that the heart is so endued as to quit without a pang all the paraphernalia of fortune, whilst it heaves a melancholy sigh, as it gazes, for the last time, on the impassioned eye of love, or the pale cheek of friendship ? Assuredly not—poor and barren may be the mind, cold and cheerless the heart ; science may never have illumined the one, benevolence may never have warmed the other. Yet the being so endued may be, I should rather say is, the fittest subject to receive this disease, called Fashion, and carry it with him to the grave. Reader, ere I quit the subject, I would present thee with a fragment, which I found amongst my father's papers. It was entitled “The Birth of Fashion.” If

thou wilt bestow five minutes in perusing the next chapter, thou wilt perhaps discover its tendency. If the *oh ! jam satis* tremble on thy lip, thou canst pass the chapter over.

## CHAP. XXI.

## THE BIRTH OF FASHION.

IN a remote and obscure age of antiquity, the gods assembled on Mount Olympus, for the purpose of adjusting a dispute which had arisen between the rival deities, *Virtue* and *Vice*. The Earth, the theatre of their disputes, had been rent in the contest; and its inhabitants were in a dreadful state of anarchy and rebellion.

*Jupiter* had, therefore, convoked the present meeting, for the purpose of hearing the claims of each party, and

of passing the decree of Fate upon the subject in dispute.

Silence being proclaimed, Virtue arose. Her person was noble and sublime; her smile was sweeter than the first blush of love, than the last gasp of expiring friendship; her frown was more terrific than the blood-besmeared plague, than life-consuming famine.

I shall not, reader, insult the Deity whom I adore, by attempting to give thee the words that fell from her lips. Let it suffice, that all the deities acknowledged the justice of her claims to universal dominion, since her sole object was to render mankind happy.

Scarcely would Vice suffer Virtue to finish her address, ere she started from her seat, and, with the direst imprecations,

devoted all those to perdition who impeded the unlimited and absolute sway she aimed at.

Jupiter frowned — Olympus trembled, and Earth shook to her centre—  
“ Virtue and Vice, hear the decrees of Fate, and obey. The enmity now existing between you shall subsist until the frail materials of the Earth, and its no less frail inhabitants, shall sink into the womb of time, and be no more, Virtue shall strike no blow at the breast of Vice ; shall pursue her with no hostility or revenge, but shall, by following the sublime, noble, and elevated path, which leads to immortality, express her contempt for her adversary.

“ Vice shall, on the contrary, aim the deadly blow at the bosom of Virtue. Often shall Virtue bleed, but

never shall she feel a mortal wound ; though Vice, with unrelenting fury, continue to hurl at her the poisonous darts of malignity, cruelty, and opprobrium.

" In the end, Virtue shall possess the highest place upon this sacred Mount ; and Vice, unless she become the votary of her antagonist, shall for ever groan beneath the dark shades of *Erebus*.

" Virtue and Vice, hear the decrees of Fate, and obey. The Earth is the theatre allotted you for innumerable ages ; but it is decreed that a Being shall shortly arise, who will possess a greater empire than either of you. In despite of the exertions of Vice, three parts of her empire will be shared by that Being ; and, notwithstanding the sacred name of Virtue, nearly the whole

of her empire shall shake at the power  
of the stranger."

The Father of the gods and of men ceased, and the music of the spheres expressed the approbation of the divine assembly. Virtue sighed, but obeyed, and forgot the severity of Fate, in forming plans of happiness for mankind. Vice muttered, and descended, venting imprecations to the earth; but the Being, whom Jupiter had foretold, had preceded her; and *Fashion*, the daughter of *Folly* and *Conceit*, had taken possession of the vacant throne of Vice. To dispossess *Fashion* was impossible, and Vice, therefore, entered into an amicable compromise, to share three parts of her empire with the usurper.

*Fashion* now took up her abode in Greece, and commenced her reign, by

patronizing Genius, and the favourite children of Genius—Homer, Pindar, Demosthenes, Aristotle, &c. &c. The admiration with which these children of Genius were received, the warm and unbounded eulogiums bestowed upon them, were the consequences of her smile and protection. It was during the same period that she thought proper to patronize a spirit which has been termed Patriotism, and a form of government free and liberal, termed the Republican.

But short was the period of this freak, for Fashion was the most mutable of beings. Indifferent to the fate of scenes which had been once so dear to her, Dulness and Slavery insensibly gained possession of the forsaken seats of Genius and Liberty; and Fashion was seen to spread her silken wings over

**the towering capital, the proud seat of the empire of the world.**

**Under her protection, Romans were the terror and the admiration of the world ; but as the smile upon her countenance was clouded with disdain, Romans became the contempt of mankind. Disgusted with the men who followed—men, who, with few exceptions, were a disgrace to their species, Fashion was delighted with the host of barbarians that rushed from “the storehouse of nations ; and she saw, without dissatisfaction, the Gothic darkness that followed in their train. Amidst the gloom, she again reared her head ; she took her stand over the antique gateway of some moat-surrounded monastery ; and she smiled as she contemplated the respect bestowed upon her scholastic rubbish and logical subtlety.**

Yet, as Fashion was always variable, to-day she beamed upon the waving helmet of heroic chivalry; to-morrow she hurried, with inconsiderate fury, under the banners of the Cross. Sometimes she supported the divine rights of kings; at others, the licentious doctrines of rebellion. Now she decreed that the Pope's frown should hurl monarchs from their thrones; and now, that a powerless, private individual should make the empire of papacy tremble to its centre.

We shall pass over many of the objects which Fashion patronized, and hasten to the conclusion. Fashion, at length, tired of interfering in matters of importance, has, in modern times, often amused herself with things "light as air." She still continues to preserve her variable character, and patronizes, with

heedless rapidity, the rational, and the silly ; the whim of folly, and the result of philosophy; the illegitimate offspring of vice, and the true heir of virtue ; yet she more particularly delights in a misapplication of her powers, in insulting reason, elevating folly, investing sophistry with the garb of truth, and divesting infidelity of its naturally horrid dress.

In brief, Fashion excels in the delusive colouring she bestows upon objects, and smiles at the absolute adoration which her subjects pay her ; an adoration which blinds them to the deformity of vice and of folly ; whilst the beauty of Virtue, like the mountain rose, perishes unheeded and unprized, unless it is the whim of Fashion to patronize it, which she sometimes does ; for though she shares the throne of Vice,

she invariably acts as an absolute monarch. A proof of which she lately gave, in issuing the following code of laws :

1. My subjects are ordered to act as contradictory as possible to nature and to reason, and ever to be in extremes.
2. My subjects are eternally to pursue pleasure, without ever appearing to be pleased, or without being, in reality, pleased at any thing."
3. My subjects are to change their amusements to create, and not allay, desire.
4. My subjects are to pursue and adopt every thing which is new and expensive ; and they are expressly ordered to leave it off the moment it is contaminated by the use of the vulgar.

5. My subjects are ordered to be freethinkers, for freethinkig is opposite to reason; and great and wise men are generally pious.

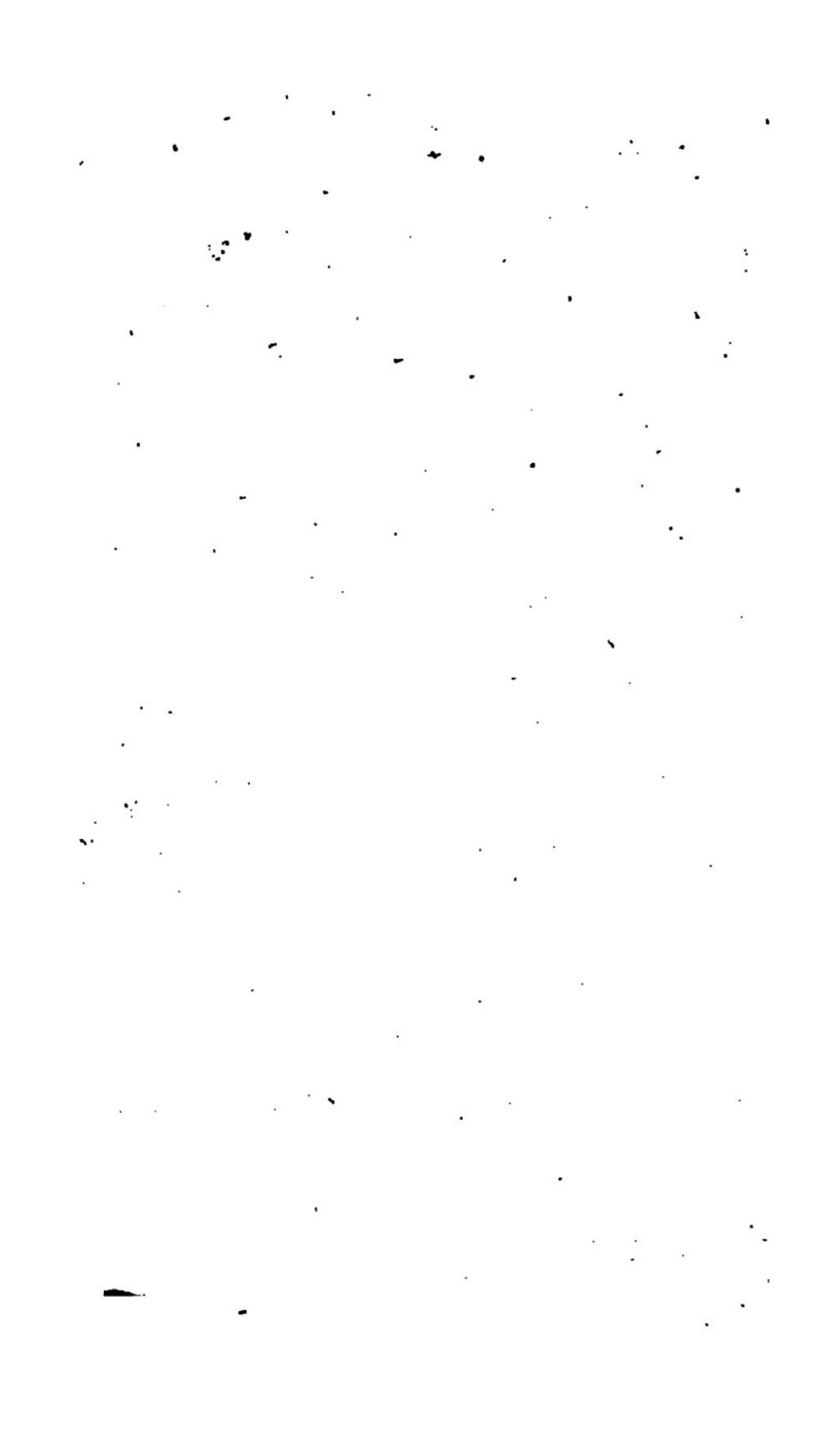
By order of her Imperial Majesty,  
FASHION.

Signed, CAPRICE.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cetera desunt.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



**MADNESS THE RAGE;**

OR,

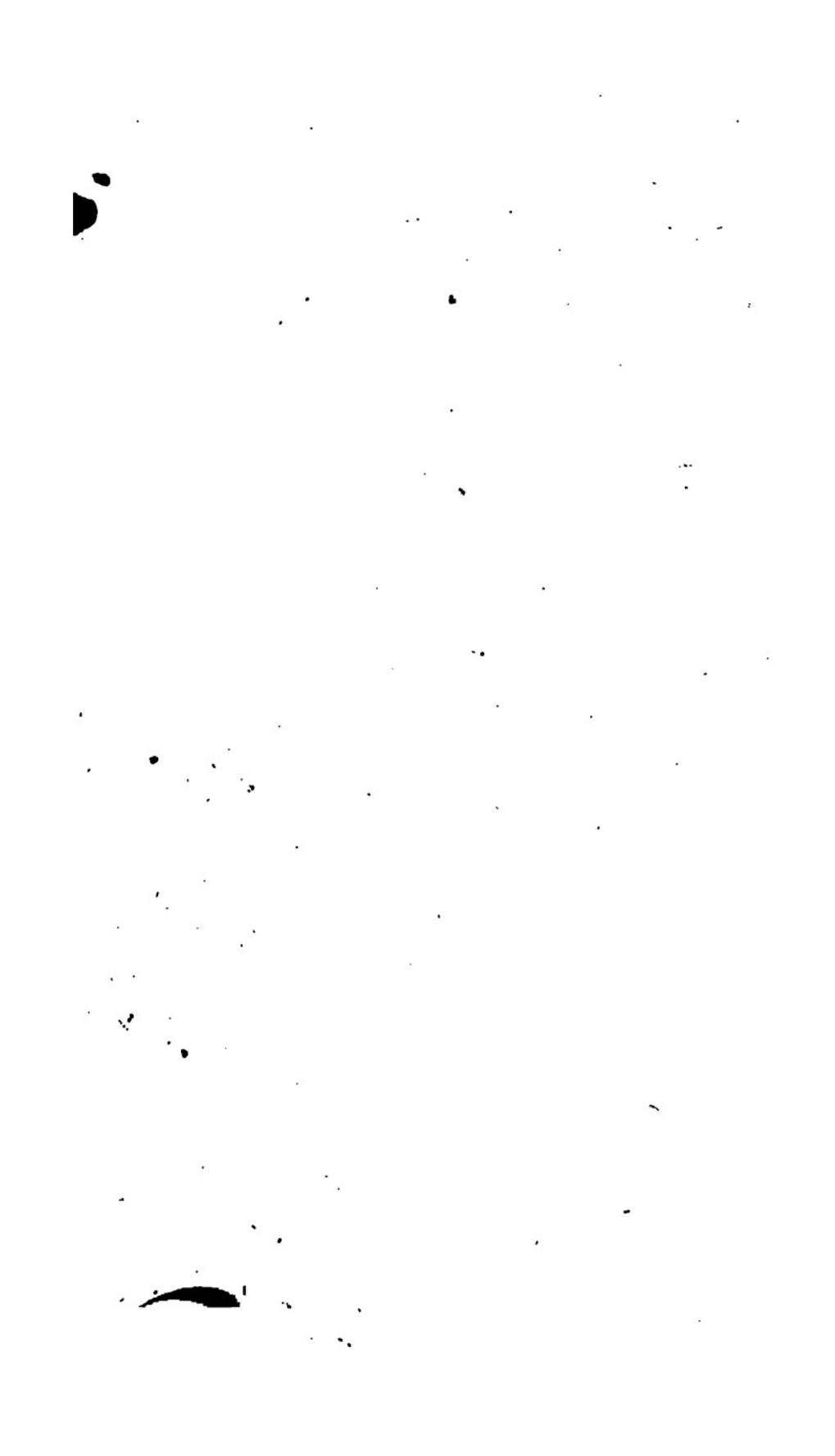
***MEMOIRS***

OF

*A Man without a Name.*

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**VOL. II.**



# MADNESS THE RAGE;

OR,

## MEMOIRS

OF

*A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.*

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Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;  
Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,  
Aut alio mentis morbo calet: huc propius me,  
Dum doceo insanire omnes; vos ordine adite.

HORAT.

—Nunc accipe quare  
Desipiant omnes.

HORAT.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



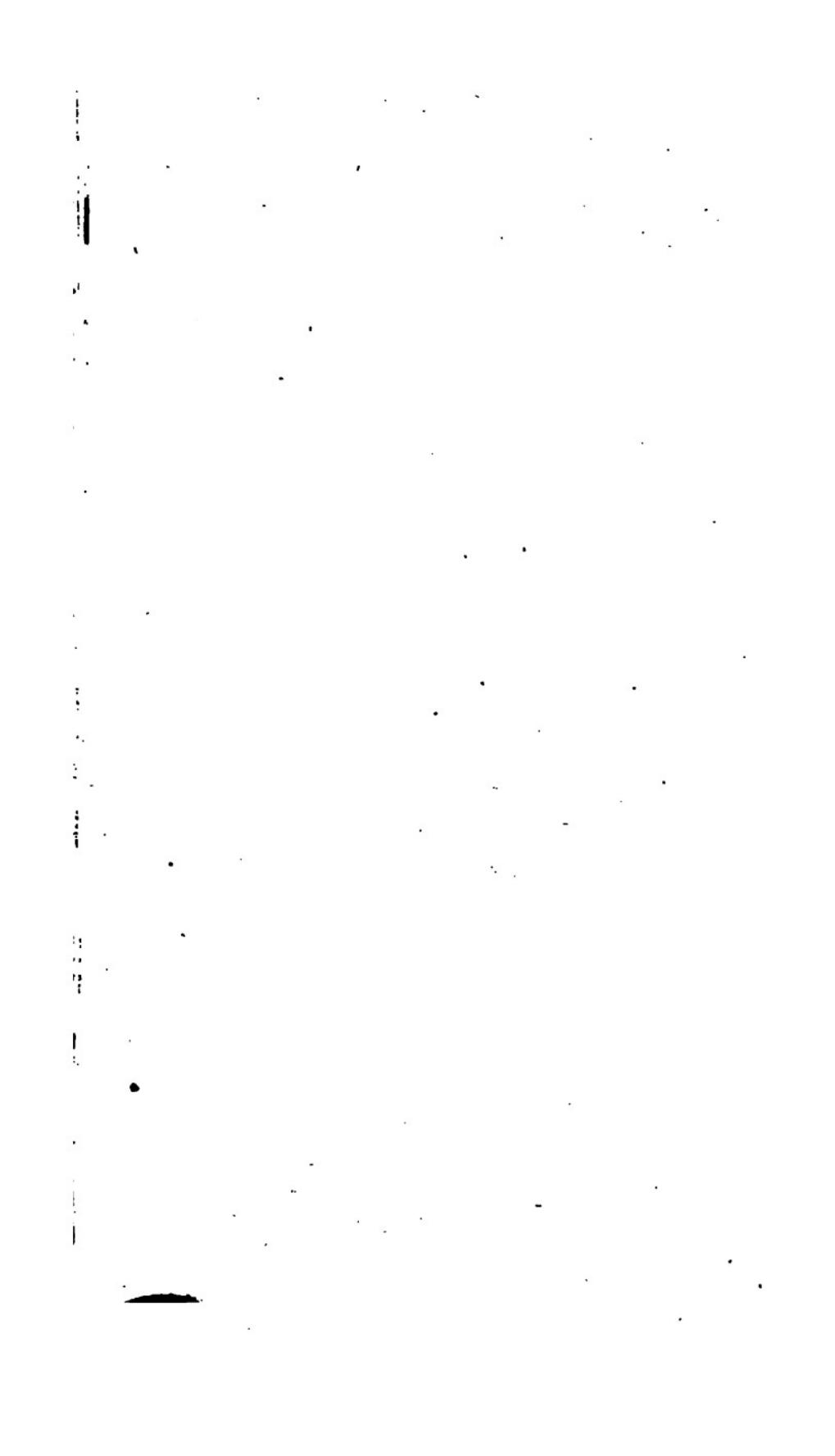
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1810.

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# MADNESS THE RAGE.

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## CHAPTER I.

AFTER the death of my uncle, my life began to assume a very different aspect. I had hitherto always been immediately under the fostering care of my father, who, though the kind and affectionate parent, was more the noble and elevated friend ; and who, like Goldsmith's interesting and virtuous pastor,

"Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The death of my uncle imposed new duties upon my father. With the

cheerfulness of native benevolence, he devoted his whole attention to the affairs of my uncle, which were, as must naturally be conceived, in a most deranged state. I was consequently left much to myself, for Belville had quitted town on business of importance. Many were the events, and various were the characters that I met with; but, as they were not remarkable for their novelty, they cannot interest the generality of my readers. I shall therefore not fatigue them by entering into a minute detail of circumstances, but confine myself to those of more particular moment.

I was accustomed to ramble through the principal streets of the metropolis during the morning, and I generally concluded the day with calling at my aunt's, where I was certain of meeting

my father, and from whence we returned together. I had pursued this course of life for some weeks, when particular business obliged me to be absent from town.

The morning of the day on which I returned, was far spent, and it was near five o'clock before the carriage put me down at our friend's house. Fatigued with my journey, it was late before I felt disposed to rise from the dinner table. I directed my steps towards my aunt's, and having knocked at the door I was admitted.

I advanced towards the parlour, and quietly opened the door—How shall I describe the scene that presented itself? On the carpet sat an elegant girl of about seventeen years of age, dressed in deep mourning. Her countenance was

not beautiful, but it was something more—the most ineffable goodness was blended with the divine radiance of mind. Her dark tresses fell in wild luxuriance over a neck turned by the Graces ; around her were scattered my aunt's children. One was resting her cherub face upon her arm, which was again supported by her knee; another was seated with his two hands clasped ; a third was laid with his head upon his sister's lap ; and a fourth was encircled by the arms of the lovely mistress of the group. All were fixed in mute attention, and listening to the tale which the stranger was reciting to them.

I stood for a moment, rapt in delicious admiration and forgetfulness ; the door was still in my hand, and I dared not to advance a step, lest I should destroy the harmony of the

group. At this moment my aunt's dog came running in the room ; the noise he made drew the attention of one of the little ones towards me, who, springing up, ran with open arms, and extended his rosy cheek to receive the accustomed kiss ; the action of the boy drew all eyes towards me, and I was immediately surrounded by the other three little ones. The lovely stranger arose ; at this moment my aunt came into the room, and introduced the stranger as her eldest daughter, and my cousin. As I pressed the blushing cheek of my cousin, I felt—alas ! reader, I cannot tell thee how I felt—I certainly never felt so before.

How happened it, you exclaim, that you never before told me one word concerning your sweet cousin ? I will answer you ; I was desirous of intro-

ducing her to you in the most favorable point of view; as displaying at one single *coup d'œil*, humanity, good-nature, affection, and benevolence. I was desirous of presenting thee one simple unaffected picture. It is a scene from Nature, in one of her most happy, one of her most tranquil, one of her most interesting moments. If it be not drawn by the hand of a master, do not despise it—remember, every one cannot exclaim, “I also am a painter;” but, ere you cease to gaze on it, compare it; I beseech thee, with the picture of art. Let the subject be taken from fashionable life, and I fear not thy decision.

But to return to my cousin. She had in early life been consigned to the care of some distant relatives, who having no children of their own, had made it their particular request, that

they might be indulged with her society, and had promised to make her their heir ; a promise that did not lose its effect upon my uncle, who, being a man of the world, naturally thought, that to have a child provided for, was an offer by no means to be rejected. She had, therefore, spent the greatest part of her life in the family of these relations.

The education of my cousin had been liberal. In the fruitful soil of her mind, the seeds of instruction did not perish, many and beauteous were the flowers they produced ; flowers of unfading fragrance and sweetness. She drew with elegance and taste ; her dancing was grace in motion ; and the sounds that flowed from her harp were full of pathos and feeling, of sweetness and majesty. Yet how trifling were

these accomplishments, how trifling did they appear, when the native beauty of her soul beamed full orb'd upon the impassioned sight ! To the most amiable and winning softness, she added an energy of character which nothing could intimidate, nothing could conquer. She stood in no need of titles to elevate her. Nature had stamped her character in a noble die : and as the goddess contemplated the work, she smiled at the superiority which she possessed over kings and emperors. They can confer titles, but Nature alone can bestow a soul which, in every circumstance, retains its innate nobleness ; a soul which misfortune never can debase, which slavery never can contaminate, and which will bear with it to the skies, the divine glow which animated it during its abode upon earth. Forgive me, reader, if the charms of

my cousin's character have a magic power over my imagination.

I was soon sensible of the dangerous tendency of my feelings. I had often heard of the effect of absence, and I therefore determined to try it. Besides, my father had lately intimated his wish, that I should appear upon the public theatre of life, and should take upon me the high and responsible office of a senator. Thus circumstanced, I prevailed upon a friend to accompany me to the legislative assembly of my country. I was anxious to beguile thought, and I was desirous of seeing the mode of conducting business in this august assembly.

In the course of our walk towards the house, I remarked to my friend, that I trusted we should hear the true

language of *Patriotism* within its walls. My friend smiled at my remark, and then endeavoured to persuade me that Patriotism was, in the present day, a *nonentity*, a mere *ignis fatuus*, which a man may hear of at school, but which he leaves there, and never hears of more. His arguments appeared to me so singular, that I could not refrain from committing them to paper. My reader, if he has patience, may peruse them at length in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

My friend began by observing, that of all the delusions of antiquity, *Patriotism* had always appeared to him the most absurd. Thanks to the sound sense of modern times, he exclaimed, we have been exempt from an error, so destructive to a *Phocion*, a *Brutus*, and a *Cato*. These poor men, forsooth, fondly imagined, that the duty they owed their country, was paramount to all others; that to this cardinal obligation they ought to sacrifice all inferior claims; and if there happened to be a wife, a child, a friend in the way, that they might even chuck them into the bargain.

Many beautiful things have been written in praise of Patriotism ; things no less flowery and poetical than the most glowing passages of inspired poesy — but, alas ! they seem to be equally fictitious.

Now what can equal in absurdity the conduct of that man, who, in the pursuit of this chimerical phantom of his own brain, this *dulce et decorum* of a romantic school-boy, should sacrifice a number of excellent dinners with the minister ; a comfortable, indolent sinecure ; and the thousand other *et ceteras* attached to a successful party.

That a man should sacrifice these for something still more advantageous, snug, and comfortable, we must allow to be compatible with excellent policy and sound sense ; but that he should

exchange them for the suspicious name of a Patriot—to be pelted at by one party, and doubted by the other ; to wear ragged cloaths, to eat his mutton cold, to mortgage his estate, in order to secure his return : in brief, to be divinely honest towards those very men, who had been diabolically villainous towards him, is such enthusiastic folly, such pure, unadulterated weakness, as cannot but create our astonishment.

Illud præter alia mira, miror maximè.\*

The kingdoms of *Europe* are, generally speaking, but little subject to the disease of Patriotism. The reason appears obvious, for the sound sense of their constitutions enables them instantly to knock in the head any person whom they may perceive to be in-

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\* I cannot but admire *that*, as the most wonderful of all wonderful things.—EDITOR.

fected with it. This is an effectual way to prevent the disease spreading, and infecting others. There is, however, one country to which this reasoning will not apply ; for the nature of its constitution prevents any minister from resorting to violent means, to extirpate the disease. But, notwithstanding the minister is prevented from resorting to *violent* remedies, he is not prevented from adopting *indirect* means to attain the end.

Now, it seems, that about the year 1688, a revolution happened in this country, the result of which clearly ascertained the liberty of the subject, and gave rise to sentiments particularly favorable to Patriotism. This circumstance, did not escape the penetrating eye of a minister, whose name ought to be recorded in the most splendid roll of

fame ; but the all-consuming, all-devouring waves of time have borne it far from our sight ; for to his exertions, to the brilliancy of his genius, was it owing, that we now possess a remedy to the dreadful disease of Patriotism.

After long reflecting upon the disorder, it appeared to that minister to bear a striking analogy, a singular resemblance, to the disease called *hydrophobia* ; and recalling to mind, that bleeding and evacuations—in other words, that the *reducing* the patient, was a remedy resorted to with success in that disorder, it struck him, that could he *reduce* the Patriot, he should certainly cure him.

This great man was fully aware of the possibility of a young man's adopting a spirit of Patriotism ; in other

words, of his catching the disease, when he first entered life : but he considered it extremely improbable, after he had gone through the *reducing* system, and his fortune had been ruined by getting into a certain assembly, that he would any longer be subject to the disease, and remain invulnerable to the offers of a minister, and refuse to extricate himself, by the unqualified sacrifice of all silly and patriotic scruples. And, continued my friend, had old *Cato* gone through such a course of medicine, I doubt whether he would have died of this same distemper called Patriotism.

My friend then proceeded to remark, that he was convinced that Patriotism is a disease particularly virulent and dangerous only when it happens to a man in the full possession of healthy independence ; and that, if proper and

necessary precautions be taken to *reduce* the patient, and bring down his system, it never, at least in modern times, had been found to be an incurable disorder, though it might for a time appear a little obstinate.

My friend asserted, that he had known some cases that, in the first instance, appeared rather desperate, entirely cured by the simple remedy of a few months imprisonment; for this *reduced* a man's courage; and many a man, as courageous as *Alexander*, before danger appeared, became quite obedient and tractable, when danger frowned upon him. In other cases, the disorder had altogether fled at the application of a sinecure, or a pension—for these tended to *reduce* a man's honesty; and honesty, having a mortal

antipathy to gold, often fled at the sight of it.

On other occasions, my friend observed, the country itself might be *reduced*. This has often been practised by modern ministers with astonishing success ; for it is easy to conceive, that no wise cur will fight for a bone which has already been picked. From these instances, it is evident, that the *reducing* system applies not merely to the fortune of the patient, but likewise to innumerable other things.

Whether the original inventor intended that the application of this remedy should be so various, or whether the different modes under which it is administered, be a more recent improvement and discovery, my friend did not

inform me; but he proceeded to observe, that when he considered, how seldom we are troubled with the disease, in modern times, and how very easily it is cured, he could not but congratulate his country upon the manifest advantage which we possess over the ancients: for one inflammable madman of this kind might be sufficient, if his disease were not taken in time, to set a whole nation together by the ears.

Now, if a set of sober, cautious people choose, like so many pack-horses, to bear all the loads that every rogue and knave who may, "for the time being," usurp the name of minister, is disposed to put upon them, what right has any man to say, they shall not groan and totter under their burthen? Have they not a right to say, "And so, it

seems, you will not suffer us to move in the very capacity for which Nature has fitted us. We are, forsooth, to let ourselves be saddled and decked with all the trappings of war, and then to suffer ourselves to be rode into battle by your Honor, with every possible prospect of getting shot through the head, or cut to pieces. And for what is all this? Why merely to obtain the privilege of running wild upon the barren waste of Liberty, and feeding upon the hard thistle, and wild furze—whilst your Worship is shewing yourself off as our rider—and who the devil knows, whether, if once you get on, you may ever choose to get off again? This swift galloping may be sport to you, but it is death to us. Nature made us for pack-horses, and pack-horses we will be."

This, my friend contended, is a sensible kind of reasoning, for it tends to preserve the beast sound, *wind and limb*; in other words, to keep up the *sterling* value of him. Indeed, said he, the few incurables who lived in the times of antiquity, were generally removed by some violent and unnatural death, which, to say the truth, is generally the consequence of the disease, if it cannot be checked in its infancy. So fully sensible was he of this truth, that he heartily prayed he might never have a son born a decided and firm Patriot; for though *Horace* might have uttered a thing to his own taste when he said, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*,\* he had no wish that a son of his should be *hanged, drawn, and quartered*, &c.

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\* A sweet and honourable thing is it, to die for one's country.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER III.

My friend had proceeded thus far, when he was prevented finishing his observations, by our arriving at the house in which the general assembly was held. I confess, my friend had not succeeded in removing what he termed my *prejudices* in favour of Patriotism. But my soul was in a glow, when I recalled to mind the lessons of my beloved parent, and the principles I had imbibed, beneath the classic shades which surrounded our beloved cottage of *Mon Repos*.

I remember the scene, though I forget the occasion, when the inhabitants

of the adjoining village assembled on the lawn before our cottage, to share my father's bounty. They were all his tenants; an industrious, honest, and happy group. I say I forget the occasion; for scenes like this were not unfrequent within the charming domain of my venerated parent. As we sat contemplating the happy beings before us, the conversation insensibly turned upon Patriotism. The pure ray of benevolence lighted up the dignified countenance of my father, as he descanted upon a subject thrice dear to his virtuous bosom.

"Like that noble oak," cried my father, "should the Patriot stand, though the tempest of power howl around his head, and corruption, like yon insidious stream, creep around his base; he should live an object no less dear to the eye of

feeling than sacred to the breast of virtue. When we contemplate a Patriot, we behold a being, who, serene in the greatness of his own virtues, is unmoved at the darkness with which despotism endeavours to envelop him.

"Tho' round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

GOLDSMITH.

I entered the legislative assembly in silence. A speaker was addressing the chair. Liberty was the theme of his glowing eloquence—enchanting was her form, as her white dress floated on the bosom of the gale; for a smile, the happiness of millions, played upon her countenance. The orator described her as on the point of flying from these happy regions: he pictured, in bold language; the being who was about to succeed her, and Slavery started from

the canvas; severe was the frown which threatened on her brow ; it conveyed an icy coldness to the heart, and bade the pulsations of life throb with misery ; menacing was her attitude, as her right hand waved a scourge, whilst the left groaned beneath its load of chains and fetters.

As the language of patriotism fell from the lips of the orator, I could have rushed forward, and pressed him to my glowing bosom. Alas ! three days had scarcely elapsed, before I was doomed to hear this same man, this being, *sic impar sibi*, defending the acts of oppression, and supporting a corrupt ministry, for in that period *he had changed his party*, and now was an associate of those very men whom he had censured as the most venal and depraved of beings.

I would say more; but the deep shadows of death envelope him, and screen him from my resentment. It is true, honours were lavished upon him; but this amounts to nothing, since "Fortune maintains a kind of rivalship with wisdom, and piques herself often in favour of fools as well as knaves."

Belville's spirits and health appeared to be much restored; and I began to flatter myself that this excellent young man would be reconciled to life, and restored to his country, when an event occurred which tore open his wounds, and threatened again to plunge him in that melancholy from which he had so recently recovered.

I have already introduced Colonel Elwick to the acquaintance of my readers, who will remember that we

met him at the house of Mr. Nightly, and that he had given rise to a very lively interest in my bosom to become acquainted with the events of his life. The unexpected death of my uncle, and a number of other important occurrences, had so fully occupied my father's attention, that I had found no opportunity to request him to relate the particulars.

A few mornings after Belville's return, we were surprized by a visit from Colonel Elwick. He had long been upon terms of familiar intercourse with my father, upon whom he called to request some information. As he arose to depart, he very politely invited us all to his house, and he pressed us in so very friendly a manner, that we promised to accept the invitation. When we arrived at the Colonel's house,

be received us in the most hospitable manner. After we had finished our wine, we adjourned to an elegant saloon.

Belville had taken hold of my arm, and was sauntering in a careless manner into the room, when I drew his attention by inquiring if he did not think the portrait suspended over the door represented a very fascinating being.

As he looked up, an ashy paleness spread itself over his countenance; his knees knocked violently against each other, and he would have fallen to the ground had I not caught him in my arms. At this moment the eye of Colonel Elwick rested upon the face of Belville; he rushed forward, and exclaimed, "Does she live?"—"No," answered Belville with a sigh, "she

sleeps eternally on the plains of ——.”  
“ Say no more,” exclaimed the frantic Elwick, and rushed from the saloon.

Belville’s eye still rested on the portrait, when, after attentively perusing every line, he exclaimed, “ No, it cannot be—Louisa’s eye was blue; this, however, is hazle;” and he breathed more freely.

My father, surprized at every thing he had seen, now went out after the Colonel, convinced that some mistake had occasioned all the confusion we had witnessed. He found the Colonel labouring under the most dreadful agitation, which gradually subsided as my father urged his conviction, that some mistake existed between him and Belville.

My father now returned into the room, accompanied by the Colonel, who, after he had, in some measure, recovered from the shock, related to us the adventures of his life.

## CHAPTER V.

\* I am the younger son of a respectable family, and was destined from my earliest infancy to the military profession. My father, when he had obtained an ensign's commission for me, presented me with a sword, observing, that with that weapon I was to cut my way to honour and to fortune.

The regiment into which I had entered was detained for some years at home, during which time I gave myself up to all the gaiety natural to my age and profession. Among the amusements to which I was addicted, I should

mention the pleasures of the chace, to which I was rather too passionately attached, when an event occurred, which had a material influence upon the future occurrences of my life.

" I had accompanied some friends to the chace; and, carried away by the warmth of the pursuit, I rashly encountered a dangerous leap; my horse fell with me; and I was borne by my companions to the house of the curate of the parish, near which the accident happened. It was found that I had sustained very material injury; and the surgeon predicting the worst consequences if I were removed, I was immediately conveyed to bed.

" To be brief—It was some weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to be removed, during which time I had be-

come irrevocably attached to the daughter of the good clergyman ; of an age the most susceptible of passion ; of a disposition warm and romantic ; and of a temper rather generous, I found that I could not resist the unassuming beauty of Maria, which was rendered still more fascinating by the thousand humane and benevolent attentions I daily experienced from her during my confinement.

" Not to delay you from the result, you must have anticipated, I married her. About a year after our marriage, my wife blessed me with the title of father. She was delivered of female twins, who were christened Maria and Louisa. We were the happiest of human beings ; and the first moment of unhappiness we ever experienced was conveyed to us in an order for me to join my regi-

ment, which was going on foreign service at the end of two months.

" My wife insisted upon accompanying me. It was in vain I urged the unhealthiness of the climate, the hardships of a military life, and a thousand other solid objections to the proposal. She insisted upon going with me; and I, at last, consented. Fatal concession!

" As our daughter Maria enjoyed but an indifferent state of health, we were compelled to leave her behind us, under the protection of her maternal grandfather.

" My wife and daughter Louisa followed me through every danger, and appeared superior either to the pestilential influence of an eastern sun, or the horrors of remorseless war. When

I was overwhelmed by a succession of misfortunes, which rendered me but too familiar with despair, my daughter Maria, having lost her protector and grandfather, we sent directions that the infant should immediately be forwarded to us, under the care of her nurse.

“ But though letter after letter had been forwarded, I could gain no intelligence upon the subject. In this state of agonizing suspense, we were doomed to encounter another misfortune.

“ Louisa, who was on a friendly visit with the wife of a brother officer, was, on her return to us, seized by a party of the enemy, and carried off as a prisoner. These blows were fatal to my wife, and she sunk in the course of a few weeks into the grave.”

The Colonel paused a moment—brushed a tear hastily from his cheek—and then proceeded.

“ To add to the load with which I was oppressed, a report now reached me that my dear daughter Louisa was no more. My only remaining hope now centered in Maria, and I determined to revisit my native country in search of her.

“ I accordingly returned to this country, and instituted every inquiry I could possibly devise. The result was, that I traced the child and her nurse from the roof of my wife’s father to a certain village.

“ As this village lies in the immediate direction to the sea-port from which they should have embarked, in

order to come to us, it is most probable they were on their way for that purpose. I have learnt that the nurse was here suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, during the influence of which she expired without divulging the name of the child, or her parents. Whilst the overseers were collected, for the purpose of determining what should be done with my infant daughter, a carriage, in which was a lady, drove by.

“ The lady, upon perceiving a mob collected round the door, stopped to inquire the cause; and, having been much pleased with the infantine beauty of Maria, she offered to take her off the hands of the overseers, who esteeming the bargain too advantageous to be rejected, put the infant into the carriage, which instantly drove off. Acting upon the clue of these particulars, I have

made every probable inquiry without effect; and my only hope now is, that I may meet my lost daughter in some of those miscellaneous parties, which I frequent for the sole purpose of discovering her."

"Here my father interrupted the Colonel, by inquiring how he could possibly know his daughter were he to meet with her.

"I will answer you," replied the Colonel: "Louisa and Maria were, as I have told you, twins; the most striking likeness prevailed between them, if I except one trifling difference. The eyes of Maria were hazle; those of Louisa blue. In this respect, Maria more resembled her mother, whose picture you see suspended over the door; but in no other did there exist the least

difference ; and were my daughters both alive at this moment, that picture, from the strong resemblance they bore their mother, might serve for a striking likeness of each.

“ When I this day perceived Major Belville affected with the sight of the picture, I fancied that he knew something of my lost Maria ; and this occasioned the conduct you must have considered so singular and strange ”

Here the Colonel stopped ; and Belville, taking advantage of the pause in the discourse, began a recital of the events of his life. When he mentioned the name of *Louisa Meadows* the Colonel arose, greatly agitated, and ejaculating, “ Oh, God ! my daughter ! ” covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed violently. Belville would

have been no less affected, had he not been confounded with the variety of discordant ideas that flitted across his mind. He at last exclaimed, "How, Sir? Her name?"

'The Colonel, after a pause, in which he endeavoured to acquire some degree of calmness, replied, "My name was Meadows. I have changed it since my return to my native country, at the request of a friend and relative, whose estates I now enjoy."

Ere we separated for the night, I could perceive that Belville viewed the Colonel with an affectionate respect, whilst the other felt a growing partiality for a man, who had evinced so noble a strain of conduct towards his daughter, who had aspired to be his son, and who was worthy of the honourable distinction.

CHAPTER VI.  
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Belville now spent whole days in the society of Colonel Elwick : a charm appeared to bind them to each other. I could not, without a sigh, reflect upon a chain of events, which had brought two men together, formed for the purpose of diffusing happiness around them, but doomed to cherish a sorrow which consumed them.

It was in vain, that the voice of friendship would have won Belville from a society so pernicious to his peace ; it was in vain—his feelings were powerfully interested ; for though,

over the bosom unmoved by passion, friendship has a potent influence, it is but a mere shadow, when the passions assume their empire over the soul; when they rage like a mighty torrent, and sweep with wild fury every thing before them. Why is this? Is the soul, jealous of the power assumed over her by friendship, ready to grasp at any means of recovering her independence; or is it, that there are moments when the soul is in a state of relaxed imbecility—when she is incapable of resisting the tyrannical influence of the passions—incompetent to oppose their power?

As I was revolving this interesting subject, my father called me to accompany him to the house of Timothy Chicanery, whom he intended calling upon,

for the purpose of endeavouring to bring him to act honestly.

As we entered the counting-house of Chicanery, he arose to receive us, but his brow contracted with its usual malignity, when he understood the object of our visit. When my father inquired if he were disposed to pay Belleville's just debt, he replied, "that without the full and legal proof which would satisfy a court of law, his conscience would not possibly permit him to liquidate it, even if there were assets," of which he ventured with a shrug, to doubt.

My father inquired, if the books of the late agent were silent upon the subject? He answered, "that they were in a mutilated state, though per-

fectedly silent." "If so," replied my father, "you cannot possibly refuse us a sight of them." "Certainly not, certainly not," answered the other. "I shall then," rejoined my father, "thank you to produce them, and, as I am disengaged this morning, I will now inspect them!"

This reasonable demand Chicanery contrived to evade, and, from time to time, to postpone, under some frivolous pretence, or another, until my father at last saw, what he might have seen at first, that Chicanery was by no means disposed to discharge a debt, of which he himself had sufficient proof in his hands, unless Belville could also substantiate it, by the production of instruments of legal force and validity.

"This fellow," exclaimed my father,

he stepped into his carriage, “ this fellow is in the fashion—for he is as mad as any of his neighbours.” In brief, he was infected with the *mania*, which I should term *an insatiable love of riches*.

Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus.

Quid avarus?

Stultus et insanus.\* (HORATIUS.)

I am grieved to say, that this *insatiable love of riches* was by far the most frequent species of mania that I met with in my native country, if I except the *mania* of fashion. But I should remark, that the one was sometimes indulged in by a man, merely to gratify the other, and that they were thus both

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\* Who then is sound? Whoever's not a fool.

What think you of the miser?

By my rule, both fool and madman. FRANCIS.

united in the same being, at one and the same time.

With respect to this *insatiable love of riches*, I have no reason to imagine it to be a disorder peculiar to modern times; for the satirists, and ethical writers, of the Greeks and Romans, alike deprecate and censure it.

Denique *avarities et honorum cæca cupido,*  
*Quæ miseros homines cogunt transcendere fines*  
*Juris, et interdum socios scelerum atque ministros,*  
*Nocteis atque dies niti præstante labore*  
*Ad summas emergere opeis.\* LUCRETIUS.*

\* 'Tis av'rice fires the human breast,  
 And dark desire of glitt'ring pow'r ;  
 'Tis these that break man's soothing rest,  
 And wake him through the midnight hour.  
 For these each human law he spurns—  
 Each social virtue's sacred tie :  
 For these his bosom ever burns,  
 For these alone he heaves the sigh.

Imitated by the MIRROR.

The wretched being begins life in a state of poverty : he puts his shoulder to the wheel with a resolution and perseverance that nothing can withstand ; and, cheering himself with the bright smile of hope, he hastens forward towards independence, an object sanctioned, I allow, by virtue and reason.

After days, months, and years, consumed in the arduous journey ; when the independence that he had so long toiled after, that he had so long sought, is obtained ; when he should repose after his toils, and the remainder of his life consumed in acts of benevolence and virtue, should be an honor to himself and his family ; he changes the object for which he pursues riches. His *madness now commences*.—He no longer pursues riches, for their true and legitimate object ; he pursues them, merely

to add to the useless heap ; a heap already far beyond his wants—a heap oppressive to his soul.

Crescit indulgeus sibi dirus hydrops  
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi  
Frigerit venis, et aquosus albo  
Corpore languor.\*—HORATIUS.

As this *mania* increases, it obscures the eye of intellect, and palsies the pulsation of the heart ; and it is then, that the wretched being who groans under it, begins to measure every person, and every action by the peculiar standard of riches. Should you still doubt his disease, ask him what is that genius, whose ray illumines all nature ; what

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\* The dropsy, by indulgence nurs'd,  
Pursues us with increasing thirst,  
Till art expels the cause, and drains  
The watery languor from our veins.—FRANCIS.

that virtue, whose glow enlivens all being ; what are they when clothed in the tattered garb of poverty ? He will tell thee, that they are mere idle gewgaws, mere *ignes fatui*.

Now ask him, what is that man whose shoulders groan with the weight of his riches ; what that man whose acres are more numerous than the other's guineas ? His actions tell thee what he esteems them to be. For see—he kneels, he adores them, though they are worthless and contemptible, and though the poet's description is applicable to each of them,

“ Hic Dama est non trepis agaso,  
Vappa et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.”\*  
(PERSIUS.)

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\* A low and paltry knavish hind,  
Who'd cheat e'en for an apple rind.—EDITOR.

What, reader, are the ideas of this man, but the strong delusions of a madman? Do they not teem with consequences the most direful; and whilst they tend to confound all distinctions, do they not erase the landmarks that distinguish between virtue and vice, between glory and infamy?

If there are some who should think that we have not proved our assertion, and brought the madness home to the being before us; and if, notwithstanding that being comes immediately within the meaning of every definition of madness, which has ever been written, they should still think it necessary for us to shew, that some such delusion occupies his brain, as would the brain of a cobler, who should fancy himself emperor of the north. I answer, that the delusions of the being,

insatiably fond of riches, are no less gross, no less palpably observed ; and that when he esteems himself a man of merit, of importance, and of dignity, in the eye of truth and of reason, having at the same time nothing else to recommend him, but his overgrown fortune, when he thus esteems himself, he fancies himself *a person that he is not*, and his delusion is not far different from that of the insane cobler, although it is much more pernicious, much more to be censured and condemned, for it attempts to set up distinctions, contrary to virtue, and opposite to reason.

What I have said, is more or less applicable to thousands, who are all infected with the same distemper, though they are not infected with it in the same degree. They are all mental invalids ; beings whose minds are preyed upon

by a more or less active, but yet equally destructive disease. The fond delusions of the distemper may persuade them that I am too severe, and that they are exempt from it. They are deceived. The picture I have sketched is certainly strong—dark are the lines—and gloomy are the tints, and I am aware, ~~that~~ as it cannot apply to *all* cases, so it may, through the delusions of the disease, be applied to *none*. I caution the infected, for I would have them not forget, that were I to remove a little of the strength of the colouring, I might with truth insist, it were a likeness of the general mass. Ask yourselves, ye self-deceivers, whether through this love of riches, reason and virtue have never been sacrificed by you? For the very act, in which you sacrificed them, was an act of insanity. Can you view the man of riches with contempt, if his

character be depraved? Has genius, though poor and unfriended, received thy protection; has virtue, though in tatters, received at all times, and in all places, thy countenance and support? If your conscience does not accuse, but acquits you, your mind as to this disease is sound—if it condemns you, believe me, you are much more of a mental invalid, than you may think, or allow.

But, perhaps, you may suppose, that as you have a family, you are justified, in indulging that *insatiable love of riches* which I condemn.

“ *Filius, aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat hæres,  
Diis inimice senex custodis, ne tibi desit.* ”\* HORAT.

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\* “ Thou dotard, cursed in the love of pelf,  
For fear of starving, will you starve yourself?  
Or do you this ill-gotten treasure save,  
For a luxurious son, or favorite slave.”—FRANCIS.

Alas ! in ascribing thy exertions to this motive, you deceive yourself, but not me. You spread the veil of virtue over the deformed countenance of vice. I forgive thee—it is the cunning natural to thy distemper that deludes thee. Know, that were your family to cease to be—were you at this identical moment deprived of all the beings who compose it, you would still pursue the same path. Besides, I would have you know a truth, which perhaps has never presented itself to you, as you stood behind your counter, or your desk. I would have you know, that Virtue never lends a motive to Vice. Virtue and Reason are definitive, but thy desires are indefinite. Virtue and Reason have their bounds and limits, but thy desire of riches has neither bound nor limit. It is, therefore, pure madness. But let us examine a little more closely the motive you alledge, to justify your conduct.

*Your family, you say—Madman,*  
**listen to the prophetic spirit which tells thee,** that thou art heaping together the means to corrupt their virtue, and paralyze their industry—thou art heaping together that which, if they are destitute of talent and benevolence, they will inevitably abuse; and which, if they possess talent and genius, will in all probability paralyze those divine qualities—For, alas! such is human nature, that excess of prosperity has ruined millions, where adversity has merely ruined hundreds. In the one instance, by taking away the occasion for industry, thou renderest them beings useless, contemptible, and wretched: in the other, thou hast deprived thy country of a genius, which would have been its ornament in peace, and its bulwark in the hour of contention. Yet such is the lamentable height to which

thy disease is arrived, that I can scarcely hope these truths will be felt by thee. I cannot help it. The sun may shed its brightest beams, and in the full fulgence of noon, enlighten all nature ; but it is lost upon that being, whose eyes are enveloped with eternal darkness.

Ere I quit the subject, I have to observe, that there are many gradations in this kind of insanity. Though this man, in the plenitude of his power, and in the wildness of his fury, sacrificed thousands, and another only sacrificed a solitary victim, the action of each springs from the same source—from a disorder, which obscures the intellectual perception of right. The *difference* in the actions, may be less in the eye of Reason, than you imagine ; perhaps may be merely *accidental* ; perhaps may

result from the means, the occasion, &c.  
&c.; perhaps each of these men would  
act like the other, were he situated in  
all respects as the other. Think of  
this and tremble; lest, ere the shades  
of death encircle thee, thou shouldst  
realize the bold picture of the Satirist:

“Avaro, by long use grown bold,  
In ev’ry ill which brings him gold;  
Who, his Redeemer would pull down,  
And sell his God for half a crown;  
Who, if some blockhead should be willing,  
To lend him on his soul a shilling;  
A well-made bargain would esteem it,  
And have more sense, than to redeem it.”

CHURCHILL.

## CHAPTER VII.

I SHALL now beg leave to recal the reader's attention to my eventful history. Unless he was taking a nap, when I informed him of it, he will remember, that having experienced a few of those symptoms which indicate the approach of a certain disease called Love, I had thought it highly prudent to try the effect of change of scene. "What, Sir!" exclaims Miss Aurelia Sensitive, "were you so lost to the delicious languor of sentiment, as to *wish* to escape from the soft and silken fetters of the God of Love?" Why, faith, madam, to tell you the truth, I was disposed to take

every proper precaution against the effects of a disease which had been fatal to Alexander, to Antony, and to my friend Tom Twittle.

I confess, I began to feel a sort of indifference towards fame and patriotism; these began to fade, and my thoughts often wandered to the most picturesque of all objects—how it escaped *Gilpin*, I know not, I mean *love in a cottage*. Now as I could not say where the disease would stop, having already gone to these terrible lengths, I thought it advisable to rouze myself, and, to such a pitch of stoical heroism did I arrive, that I actually absented myself from my aunt's house during *an entire week*. I do not know, but that I should have absented myself even for a day or two longer, had not the alarming state of my aunt, who was confined to her

chamber, demanded my immediate inquiries.

When I called, my cousin gently reproached me for my absence, and then led me to her mother's room, who received me with her usual kindness, and affectionately pressed my hand.

I took a chair by the bed-side ; and as my aunt chatted to me, I was delighted with observing the thousand tender and affectionate assiduities which my amiable cousin paid her. Sometimes, it should seem that the sun was too obtrusive ; for, without saying a word, the blind was softly and carefully let down ; at another moment, it appeared that she thought her mother's head not sufficiently elevated, for a pillow was brought, and placed under her cheek ; at another, that the heat of the

fire might incommod her parent, for the screen was nicely placed between them.

Tell me not, ye cynics, that these were trifles ; the slightest pulsation of affection is, in the eye of feeling, of more intrinsic worth than the rich mines of the East. Tell me not then that they are trifles ; the divine glow of the soul has elevated, has immortalized them.

From this moment I became a constant visitor at my aunt's house ; and as often as I saw my cousin, she was busied in scenes such as I have described ; scenes which exalted human nature to a very high point in the scale of moral excellence. Can it then be wondered at that I should love ? Yes, I did love her with the most impassioned tender-

ness. Many were the delicious hours that we spent together, during which her principles were developed to me in all their virtuous purity and firmness. Yet amidst the happiness which I felt, there was one intervening circumstance, that was productive of many moments of anxiety.

A young man of family and of fortune, a distant relation of my late uncle, had the most unrestrained access to the house. He had been upon terms of intimate cordiality with my late uncle. When my cousin returned home, he was struck with her person and accomplishments, and had ever since paid her the most unbounded attention.

My aunt perceived his growing partiality ; and, from prudential motives, she rather encouraged than discountenanced

his visits. I must do her the credit to say, she was perfectly ignorant of my regard for my cousin; for as Mr. Z— availed himself of every opportunity of evincing his preference, I as carefully avoided any action which might shew mine.

Mr Z— and myself frequently met: he was polite, but the silly *hauteur* of fashion—that *hauteur* which protects fools from the knowledge of fools, but renders them still more contemptible in the eye of sense—the silly *hauteur* of fashion disgusted me, and I treated him with a marked and cool indifference. I was, I must confess, desirous of developing his character; but I had hitherto not had an opportunity of probing his heart, or of sounding his principles, when accident assisted me.

I was seated with my cousin in the parlour, and we had been amusing ourselves with perusing some of the works of Paley, when Mr. Z—— was announced. As he entered, he appeared to have an extraordinary glow on his countenance. I soon discovered that he was in a state of inebriation. I perceived that his prudence was lulled, whilst his intellectual faculties were rather in a state of activity than of disorder. In other words, that he was as fully capable of intellectual exertion as if he had been perfectly sober. The book which we had been perusing was still on the table; and, during an interval in the conversation, he advanced, and took it up.

I saw a contemptuous smile pass over his countenance as he turned, and ask-

ed me if I had recommended that book to my cousin? I replied that I had recommended it. Thrown off his guard by the bold manner of my avowal, he stood confessed the wretched maniac—the devoted slave of infidelity.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IT appears to me that there are *two species* of *infidelity*; and, by way of distinction, I should term one *positive*, the other *negative*: the positive indicates itself chiefly by *deeds*; the negative by *words*.

I shall begin with that which I term negative, or verbal, because this is the species to which the term infidelity is commonly attached.

It is to be found among men who, blinded by ignorance and stupidity, impiously undertake to deny the greatest

of truths, the fundamental principles of religion. Can any thing less than madness persuade a man—a being who, from the very imperfections of his nature, has but a limited intellectual perception? Can, I ask, any thing less than madness persuade such a being that his faculties are commensurate to the rejection of the high and sublime truths of Christianity?

As to the *positive* kind, or that which indicates itself by deeds, we have, in the present day innumerable instances of it. It consists not in any *verbal* denial of the truth of Revelation, but shews itself in the most complete contempt of her doctrines—in a calm and deliberate, but fashionable neglect of most, if not all of her precepts.

A maniac of this kind will go to a

card party on a Sunday ; debauch his friend's wife on the Monday ; shoot his friend through the head on the Tuesday : cheat his creditors on the Wednesday, and thus, most calmly and fashionably, insult the Deity every day of the week with a palpable violation of some duty.

Such a man may tell me that he has never denied the truth of religion. It is false ; he has done so *by his actions* ; and it matters not whether the tongue says it, or the whole course of a man's life bespeaks it. I call this species, *positive*, because a man *may profess* the other, who really does not believe in it ; and a man is much more likely to profess what he does not believe, than to act what he does not approve ; in other words, it is more probable that a man should, in the hour of vain triumph and

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intoxication, profess opinions which he does not think true, than that, during the greatest part of his life, he should act in opposition to his opinions.

With respect to the *positive* kind, I not how to propose any remedy, which should, in every instance, cure the disease; but, perhaps, we might terrify some into convalescence, were we to call their conduct by its right name, and apply the term *infidelity* to such actions as amounted to a denial of the truth of Religion, or the existence of a Deity. I have sometimes known poverty, ruin, and disgrace, medicine an invalid of this kind into health again.

As to the *negative* kind, or that which is merely *verbal*, I do not think that it would be so very prevalent, if all persons desirous of distinguishing them-

selves in this species of insanity were, by an act of the Legislature obliged, before they were permitted to broach those arguments, that have been answered a thousand times before they were born ; if, I say, they were obliged to read the Old and New Testament *entirely* through, the doctrines of truth would prevail, but then those doctrines must be read.

Pray, who is riper for *Bedlam* than that being, who coolly determines that the doctrines of a book are false, when, perhaps, he has never opened it ; or, at best, has not perused the one-thousandth part of its contents.

In the next place, I have often known a church-yard, on a moon-light night, an excellent antidote to this disease. Indeed, a short time since, I was passing

through the romantic church-yard of \_\_\_\_\_, in company with that renowned bravo in infidelity Dick Atheos. The clock struck twelve just as we were entering the church-yard ; and, though the moon had hitherto been prodigal of her light, she now suddenly became obscured by a cloud.

I observed, as we approached the sacred ground, that my companion, Dick, contrived to slip his arm through mine, alledging that the road was so uneven, that he was fearful of falling.

Scarcely had we entered the church-yard ere the mournful hooping of the owl resounded from the tower. My companion started. At that instant a pale flame was seen flitting across one of the old Gothic windows of the sacred edifice, now rising; now falling, but

keeping continually in motion. Dick's courage and infidelity fled : he fell on his knees, and began to pray most devoutly.

I suffered him for a minute to preserve the posture ; and having exacted from him a thorough recantation of his principles, and an avowal that he had *never* believed in them, but had merely broached them to acquire a name ; I made him get up and observe, that the flame he perceived was nothing more nor less than one of those wandering lights which the common people term *jack-o-'th-lantern*.

I would, therefore, recommend to the Legislature, that a certain number of church-yards, well-filled with skeletons, tomb-stones, graves, charnel-houses, and all the other paraphernalia

of death and mortality, should be allotted for the express purpose of medicining these maniacs: nor do I doubt but that, where the distraction of vanity has induced a man to deny his Maker, he may be brought to his sober senses again by this simple and harmless remedy.

But I have another plan: The fate of Jack Antitrinitarius suggested it to me. He had the good luck to be drowned; and, at the moment of drowning, was as pretty a little snug kind of a Deist as one might well wish to see. But having had the fortune of being restored, after he had been some minutes under water, he became as true and sincere a Christian as any man with whom I am acquainted. I would, therefore, recommend drowning; and I doubt not but that, under certain regu-

tations, it would be found thoroughly efficacious.

Salt water must be used, for that is acknowledged to be most efficacious in *hydrophobia*; nor have I any doubt, but that the sight alone of the remedy would, in all slight instances of the disorder, be found fully sufficient: where it was not so, the patients should be drowned for one, two, three, four minutes, &c. in proportion to the obstinacy of the complaint.

Perhaps, in the most stubborn and inveterate cases, it may admit of *an argument*, how far it may be prudent ever to recover them again. If the case be decidedly of this nature, I propose that certain persons should be appointed as judges, and *to hold this argument*; and I should recommend that these persons

should not begin to argue until the patient be under water.

If this precaution be adopted, I presume, that before the argument be finished, the patient will have derived the highest advantage which physic can possibly bestow ; I mean that he will be in a situation *never* to want any more of her prescriptions.

And if the disorder be but exterminated, what more would you have ? Ah, but what is to become of the patient ! you exclaim. Oh, never mind him ; if he chooses to die just as he is getting well, it is his fault, not mine. But, lest this argument should, in slight disorders, be resorted to improperly, I think the following rules should be observed :

1st. No *modern* philosopher should  
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be allowed to sit as a judge, lest from his partiality to sentiments coinciding in their effects with his own, he should, to use an Irish mode of expression, order the patient to be pulled out before he was put in, and thus bring the remedy into disrepute.

2dly. No *fashionable* wife should sit as judge upon her husband, or *vice versa*.

3dly. No *opposition* member should be allowed to sit on a minister for the time being; and, lastly, no author should be allowed to sit upon the reviewer who had condemned his book; for in these three last cases, had the patient as many lives as a cat, he would certainly *perish*.

## CHAPTER IX.

BUT to return to my cousin, whom, it must be admitted, we left in very suspicious company :—She listened, with much attention, to the course of our argument ; and it was evident that she decidedly leant to the side of Truth and Religion.

My opponent defended his pernicious tenets with the pertinacity of his sect ; but the disingenuousness he evinced, in denying the force of every argument I could possibly adduce, was as disgraceful as the opinion he espoused.

I shall not, in this place, detail his

arguments ; they were the commonplace subterfuges of his sect, and were answered centuries before he was born. I shall not detail them to enjoy the vain pleasure of refuting them ; a pleasure dearly purchased, at the expense of circulating poisonous tenets.

I am aware that, in this respect, I differ from many eminent men, who have been contented to display their eloquence at the expense, as it may be thought, both of their prudence and good sense. They should remember, that what has *once* been refuted has been for ever refuted ; and that the poisonous herb will perish of itself, and waste its venom in its native desert, if the hand of art will leave it alone, and not nurture it with tenderness, merely to enjoy the luxury of crushing it. They should remember that human reason is,

generally speaking, a plant but of weak and sickly constitution; more likely to be affected by the pestilential breath of Sophism, than cheered and invigorated by the genial breeze of Truth.

From the period when the above conversation took place, I fancied that my cousin treated Mr. Z— with a marked, though polite coolness. She seldom descended to join in the laugh, which he was ever attempting to provoke; and a forbidding frown always clouded her features when he entered upon the subject of Religion and Virtue. I was a silent, but by no means an indifferent, spectator of the events which passed.

Each moment served but to display the native beauties of my cousin's mind, which, though highly cultivated by Art, was not destitute of the wild beauties

of Nature. As my affection for her increased, my delicacy with respect to her was augmented. I would have suffered a thousand deaths, rather than have caused the blush to mantle on her cheek.

I saw Z— continually with her, paying her a thousand attentions, anticipating her wishes when they were scarcely half-formed, breathing the warmest vows; in brief, pursuing every means to engage her affections. I saw it, and trembled; but still my tongue was silent. I wished that her virtue should triumph, and that she should assert the native excellence of her mind, and the purity of her principles, in rejecting Mr. Z—. It was not sufficient that she should merely do this, I required that she should do it at a moment when no other suitor could be

supposed to influence her. Things remained in this state, when an event happened, with which it is necessary to make the reader acquainted.

I was obliged to be absent from town. The object of my absence was to secure my appointment to the high and responsible situation of senator; a situation my father had filled with honor to himself, and advantage to his country. My father was the idol of the men in whom the appointment was vested. They were poor, but they were honest; they were proud, but they were grateful. The riches of my opponent were treated with contempt; and at the mention of my father's name, a smile lighted up every countenance. He was, they said, their father, their benefactor, their protector, their friend. How sweet were their praises to my soul! I felt proud to be

the son of such a man; my soul was elevated; and in the warmth of the moment, I ejaculated, "Noble being, thy path is mine!"—Need I add, I was successful.

I was returning to town, accompanied by my faithful servant Dick. It was dusk, when a chaise with four horses rapidly approached us. As they advanced, the postillions increased their pace, and appeared very anxious not to lose a moment in passing us. I could not perceive the persons who were in the chaise, but I was alarmed by the shriek of a female, and a cry of "Help!" The chaise had now passed us. I ordered Dick to follow me, and instantly rode after it. We were well mounted, and in a moment Dick was by the side of the leading postillion, endeavouring to stop him, whilst I attempted to force

open the door of the chaise. I had scarcely put my hand to the clasp ere a pistol was discharged through the window. The ball slightly grazed my left arm, at the very moment that the opposite door flew open.

I dismounted: I had nothing to protect myself with but a slight cane. I luckily recollect that it contained a dirk. I drew it, and advanced towards a man who had now jumped from the chaise, and was rushing towards me with another pistol. He fired at me; the ball entered my arm; and, faint with the loss of blood, I fell, but not before I had pierced my antagonist deeply in the side. I recollect no more.

When I recovered, I found myself in a small cottage, reclined on a bed, with my faithful Dick seated by my bed-side.

From him I learnt, that the moment I had pierced my opponent, he fell ; that Dick, believing me dead, had alighted and borne me with difficulty to the cottage ; and that whilst he was bearing me off, the gentleman's servant, who had loitered behind, came up ; and having put their master into the chaise, it had proceeded towards its destination.

I shall pass over many intervening events. Let it suffice, that the ball was with difficulty extracted from my arm ; but it was deemed prudent for me not to travel to town, until my wounds were healed.

My father was continually with me ; for having completely arranged the affairs of my late uncle, he had nothing to detain him in town. I observed that something appeared to press upon his mind ; but, as he never voluntarily

offered me his confidence, I did not choose to break in upon the secrets of his bosom.

Things remained in this state until my arm became sufficiently recovered for me to think of returning to town. With what fondness did I think of again beholding my cousin!—But the day was by no means so near as I had flattered myself. To be brief: she had disappeared a few days after I had left town, and no traces whatever could be discovered of her. How shall I paint my agony! How depict the deep horror that overwhelmed my soul! How describe the touching interest which my father evinced as he hung over my couch. I was seized with a raging fever; memory forsook me; I stood between life and death, without the anxieties, the cares, the griefs, the plea-

## MADNESS

sures of the one state, and without the deep, the perfect tranquillity and peace of the other. I awoke to breathe ; but scarcely can it be said that I awoke to live. My father, with tearless eye, but pallid cheek, hung affectionately over me; and my faithful Dick never forsook me ; the moisture of his eye, and the trembling of his hand, bespoke the emotions of his bosom.

## CHAPTER X.

I AWOKE, it is true, but life had lost all its colouring ; the picture was faded ; scarcely could the eye distinguish one from another ; a dull, uninteresting, dark gloom pervaded every tint, and obscured every line.

“ How much,” I exclaimed, “ how much do things owe to the colouring of the imagination ! How small is the native portion of their radiancy and beauty !—they live but in the eye of fancy !”

“ True,” answered my father, “ Virtue

alone borrows no aid from this source, but it is still more radiant, as you divest her of the artificial vest of Fancy. Her native beauty is but hid by the dress, and not adorned by it.

I turn from reflecting upon events that still, at the distance of many years have not lost their power over my feelings.

Some months elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to pursue the steps prescribed by my physician, who recommended a change of scene.

Indifferent to the world, it was to me unimportant, whether I dragged an existence in a city, or wasted life in the country. I left town, accompanied by my father. I shall not fatigue my reader with a description of places, an

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account of which he has, perhaps, read a thousand times, and as often yawned over; for the pages of modern travellers are wonderfully soporific. Hence I have found them the best possible substitute for the *laudanum*, the poppy juice, and other the opiates of our medical tribe.

Indeed, I know a physician of some wit, and more judgment, who always prescribes to his own family the reading of half a dozen pages of the Travels of Messrs. A, B, C, D, &c. In obstinate cases he prescribes a dozen pages; a dose which, he told me, had never failed of producing a deep, and long-continued sleep.

I have often thought that the advocates for the moderns have been strangely remiss in overlooking the manifest ad-

vantage which they possess, in this respect, over the ancients. Now, as to the authors of antiquity, they are particularly injurious to those who peruse them, who often find themselves under the influence of a charm, as their eyes wander over the page, whilst the midnight lamp is expended and replenished, and again expended and replenished, to the great detriment of the health of the reader; to the injury of his character, and the annoyance of his eyes; whilst, on the contrary, as we peruse a modern book of travels, we find the balmy influence of sleep gently pressing our eye-lids; and when we awake, we are certain of finding ourselves refreshed and exhilarated from a slumber, for which we have been indebted to the soporific pages of ——, Esq. who always prints on vellum, hot-pressed, and never fatigues his reader with either

thought or sentiment which he has not met with a thousand times before.

I say I shall not carry my reader, like a portmanteau, into all the dirty inns and insignificant villages which we entered and passed through. I shall, likewise spare him the sentimental effusions of my —— : no, no ; I must not say *heart*, or I should be out of fashion. I mean my *head*. I say I will spare my reader the effusions of my sensibility.

My opinions I have promised thee, and my opinions thou shalt have. If I violate order and connexion, pardon me, this is the common error of *genius*; and that I am somewhat of a genius you will easily perceive, when you know that in my youth I was remarkable for my inventions. I had invented an instrument to extract sun-beams from the

moon ; and if she happened to be out of humour, and should look a little sulky, to extract sun-beams from the sea. But of all my inventions, the favourite child of my genius was *a mental microscope*. My reader will understand the greatness of the invention, if I illustrate it by an example.

Let us take my little friend Innominal ; but I beg your pardon, I must give you his character. Ignorant alike of the records of History and the beauties of Poesy, the native barrenness of his mind is unimproved by a knowledge of science or of languages ; pertinacious in argument, from an incapacity to perceive the reasons of his adversary, he obstinately adheres to his own opinion, when he is totally incompetent to support it, or to refute his opponent. Thus he is no less a baby in argument than

a driveller in science and languages. Now I will take this little man, and apply my microscope to his eye. Mark, and be silent. He speaks what he sees:

“ Bless me ! what a profound scholar am I ? I write Latin, and comprehend it, as if it were my vernacular tongue. Deeply imbued with *all* languages, my science is no less profound. Bless me ! what is that I see ? An actual discovery I have made in natural philosophy ! A *discovery*, I say, let Sir Isaac say what he will. The native strength of my mind is, I perceive, immense. No one can cope with me in argument. No, in this I am a perfect Hercules, for never was I conquered.”

Upon hearing this modest eulogium, you may, perhaps, be desirous of knowing the actual size of his mind ; if so,

we will, by means of a pair of compasses, take it off; and now, let us apply the compasses to a piece of glass, on which the length of an inch is measured, the inch being divided into a hundred parts.

Look, my dear Sir, but repress your astonishment, for you perceive the breadth of this great man's mind does not cover a greater space than the one-hundredth part of an inch.—*Proh sancte Jupiter!* Yet this small, and almost imperceptible portion of mind was, by the power of my mental microscope, magnified into a mountain; so astonishing, so incredible was the effect! I was most wonderfully pleased with the invention; and I therefore invented a name for it. I called it *Conceit*. I was pleased with the name; I was delighted—*imponens cognata voca-*

*Bula rebus.* I have since understood that this term has been applied to designate a certain quack medicine, which, in its effects and consequences, bears a most striking analogy to my microscope.

Previously to my hearing of this nostrum, I had determined to obtain a patent for my glass; a determination which I have abandoned, since I have heard more concerning this same medicine.

I must confess I did not, without a sigh, forego the means of rendering myself immortal, by giving to the world an invention the most glorious and resplendent. As to the medicine called *Conceit*, I am told that it was invented by the proprietors for persons who have been afflicted from their infancy with

certain mental distortions and weaknesses, and who are subject to such native intellectual imbecility, that without it, they would and must labour under the most dreadful horrors, arising from a conviction of their own malady. This medicine is, therefore, a kind of cordial, and has a most wonderfully exhilarating effect on the spirits. It is sold, wholesale and retail, at the warehouse of Vanity, Ignorance, Dulness, and Folly.

It is sold extremely cheap ; for though, in compounding it, it is necessary that it should pass through the hands of *all* the partners, yet, so desirous are they of giving it circulation, that they dispose of it almost gratuitously.

The effects are most wonderful ; but you will please to observe, that they are

**confined, like the effects of my microscope, to the imagination of the particular being. Though sometimes they are extended to the lookers-on, when the lookers-on are no less weak, silly, and ignorant, than the persons taking the medicine.**

**Under the influence of the delirious fancy, which this medicine invariably occasions, I have known a stupid, ignorant, methodist parson consider himself more holy than Abraham, more enlightened than Watson, and more eloquent than Porteus, for he never heard of Demosthenes.**

**I have known a silly and ignorant —, nay there is little Dr. —, I have known him esteem himself more skilful than Hippocrates, more profound than Beddoes, more correct in his prog-**

nostics than Radcliffe, and a better chemist than Davy or Priestley.

I have known these things and lamented them: they are inconveniences resulting from the promiscuous and indiscriminate administering of the medicine.

It was my intention to have used my microscope in particular cases only. Often had I observed genius the most elevated pining beneath the weight of a diffidence the most oppressive. It is true, diffidence must be the natural consequence of the most enlarged plans; such plans as Genius, in the sublime ardour of her powers, continually forms. I knew that when, in the deliberate hour of cool reflection, she compared her schemes with her exertions, she would shrink beneath the veil of a mo-

desty, which paralyzed her powers, and threw a dark cloud over that noon which had promised to enlighten all Nature. To relieve her from a diffidence so oppressive to her feelings, so unworthy of her powers, I intended to use my microscope. Never should it have been applied to the eye of Weakness and Ignorance, sufficiently of themselves inflated with an artificial spirit; sufficiently decked with plumes not their own; and sufficiently inclined to bestow upon themselves the meed of all virtue, sense, and intellect.

Nor does the inconvenience end here. But the misfortune is, that in proportion as these silly, weak, contemptible insects elevate themselves, they depress others. Now if they were so kind as to suffer us to grow up at the same time with themselves, one would not be quite

so angry ; but it is really a hard thing, that whilst they attempt to pierce the skies, we are kept grovelling here on earth, to the great mortification of our dignity.

I have known one of these little pygmies, after he had swallowed a dose of conceit, become, in his own opinion, a giant, and then, forsooth, he must wage war with Heaven: he must turn atheist, and pull the Deity from his throne. At another time, I have known him enlist under the banners of republicanism, persuade himself that a breath of his would hurl a monarch from his throne, when, alas ! a fly would despise it.

On another occasion, he fancied himself a great wit, and, in the sublimity of his wrath, hurled his ponderous lance at my breast. It missed its aim, and

alighted upon the wing of a butterfly, who, unconscious of injury, again spread her wing to the summer sun. But to return to my microscope : I shall at my death leave it as a heir-loom to my country.\*

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\* I confess I should like to know in what place this microscope is deposited. It would enable us to trace the country which gave birth to our hero. In other respects, the glass is a mere curiosity, nothing more; for, if I am rightly informed, none of the geniuses of the present day are either timid or modest. As the author speaks of such as well known in his times and in his country, this manuscript must certainly be very old; or, if that be not the case, the country of the author is *terra incognita*, an undiscovered land. I leave it to the critics to determine which is the fact.

Editor.

## CHAPTER XI.

HAVING rambled over a considerable part of my native country, my father proposed, that we should once more return to town. With the utmost indifference, I consented. I had been the more readily led to adopt the plan, proposed by my physician, in the hope, that chance might lend me some clue, by which I might discover my thrice-lamented, my ardently beloved, cousin.

Led on by the false delusions of hope, I had fondly flattered myself each day, that the sun would not set, without this much-wished object being ac-

complished. It was this circumstance that rendered every fresh place interesting to me: and it was long ere I was convinced, that my journey was fruitless and unavailable. Instead of renovating my health, I found it in a state considerably more precarious, for the continual agitation of my spirits had reduced me to a skeleton.

When we arrived in town, my first visit was to my aunt. She started at my change of appearance, and told me, with a sigh, that all her inquiries after my cousin had been unsuccessful. As I looked around the room, my eye rested on that harp, whose strings, responsive to the touch, had often trembled over my bosom, as the skilful hand of my cousin had swept them with magic force. I involuntarily approached the instrument—a tear fell

upon the strings, and, as I hastily brushed it off, the harp sent forth a low and melancholy sound—I started.

"It is the first sound," said my aunt, "which it has emitted, since Isabel was torn from us."

Belville at this moment entered the room, and called off my attention from objects too dangerous to my peace. He was followed by my father, who insisted that I should accompany him, that evening, to a party to be given by Mr. Nightly.

My father had entertained the most sanguine hopes, that our journey would be beneficial to my health. Having seen the futility of these hopes, he became no less sanguine in the idea, that by leading me, from one scene of gaiety

to another, he should gradually draw me from reflections, which had taken but too fatal a hold upon my peace. In this idea he was joined by Belville, whose friendship was evinced by a thousand kind and affectionate acts ; and who was always with us, except during a small portion of each day, which he dedicated to the society of Colonel Elwick.

As it was a matter of perfect indifference to me where I spent the evening, I consented to accompany my father and Belville to the house of Mr. Nightly..

The rooms were as usual much crowded. A variety of characters passed, during the early part of the evening, in review before us, none of which were particularly striking. Bel-

ville, at last, pointed out a fashionable looking man, and inquired of my father if he knew him? My father replied, that the person in question was Lord Dashwit.

As Belville looked, as if he wished to hear more, my father said, "Lord Dashwit has the misfortune of having the *mania*, of doing a thing with a *good grace*. When my Lord was a young man, he was led, by the fashion of the day, into the attempt to drive four in hand. He had the misfortune to drive with tolerable dexterity, and the sycophants around him flattered him, that he drove with a *good grace*. He has spent twenty years in the employment; and few mail coachmen drive with a *better grace*. It has merely burthened his estate with a mortgage of fifty thousand pounds; but this is a trifle

to the fame he enjoys, as he rattles along the park, with a *good grace*."

"But, who is that spark, who addresses his lordship in so familiar a manner?"

"That is Mr. ——, he also is inflicted with the mania of doing a thing with a *good grace*. Mr. —— was said to strike a ball with a *good grace*. He has done this so often, that his twenty thousand a year is reduced to five. As to these two men, concerning whom we have been just speaking; one of them is a man of superior talents, though the other is not so. To every man it is not given to assist the cause of public virtue; but to no man is it debarred, to serve that of private virtue."

"Let us contemplate Mr. ——, a man endued with considerable intellectual powers. Let us see him, neglecting all the superior energies with which Nature has endowed him, and confining all his exertions to an object no less vicious than paltry. If, as an eagle, he could range the sky, and survey all nature, and yet, chooses to confine his flight to make a certain curve, or perform a certain trick with address, what shall we say? why, that he has abused his powers; that he has acted in '*opposition to reason;*' that *his brains are shaken out of their natural course*—in brief, that he is a *madman.*'"

My father paused a moment, and then proceeded: "You see," continued he, "how the catalogue of madmen swells in magnitude. In fact, the farther we

enter into life, the more numerous are the examples in support of my assertion, that *madness is the rage!* Each day, each hour, each company into which we happen to be thrown, may be said to furnish us with fresh examples of the fact, until particular instances, being repeatedly multiplied upon particular instances, increase to such a degree, as to appear to include the whole mass of society; and, as the disease each moment spreads wider and wider, the eye with difficulty can distinguish the few uninfected and sound parts which are yet remaining, and which every day run the risk of catching the infection.

"For such is the nature of the disorder, that one man is sufficient to infect a whole village; and it seldom if ever happens, that if you perceive one

man *running* during the paroxysm of his disorder, but what you may remark many others *limping* after him, until they acquire sufficient energy to run as fast as the man who leads them. In brief, a strong desire of surpassing and outstripping others always accompanies '*the rage* ;' and seldom leaves the patient, until his energies are quite exhausted, or the grave closes over him."

As my father ceased speaking, we advanced into another room, and, as I complained of fatigue, we took possession of chairs. We had sat but a few minutes, ere we were struck by the appearance of a short fat man, who having, with considerable difficulty, squeezed himself through the crowd, approached a gentleman who stood near us, and abruptly inquired what the *reviewers* said? The gentleman,

with a sardonic grin, laconically replied "*nothing*;" and then walked carelessly away. The little man, not at all discouraged, exclaimed "more envy!" and instantly hustled off to another part of the room, apparently too fully impressed with an idea of his own importance, to feel the contempt he had experienced. My father observed to Belville, that the little fat gentleman was a great *dreamer*; or, to speak more correctly, he was infected with the *mania of dreaming*, under the influence of which he imagined himself to be a great author.

"Dreamer!" exclaimed Belville, "positively, my dear Sir, I do not comprehend you."

"Then I will explain myself," said my father, "since I know of few arts,

in which the moderns have shewn a greater superiority over the ancients, than in that of *dreaming*. Not that the ancients were totally unacquainted with this art ; but, generally speaking, if in ancient times a man had no pretensions to a thing he was ruined and undone in a trice ; and, even when he had some pretensions, he sometimes met with this fate, as we may instance in the case of Anthony, who, though he had some pretensions to the name of a general, got a sound drubbing from Augustus, and lost his girl into the bargain. Aschines had little better luck in his contest with Demosthenes, *pro corona* ; although there was no doubt the former had considerable pretensions to the name of an orator.

“ In modern times, however, a man who has not the least pretence to a

thing, is almost certain of getting off with some degree of *eclat* if he excels in the talent of *dreaming*. I knew a fellow, whose conscience might have been bought for two-pence, had he found any one silly enough to give him that sum for it—I knew this fellow *dream* himself into the character of a patriot; and then your Phocion, your Cato, your Tell, were but so many milksops compared to him, in the sublimity of his views, the noble and virtuous ardour of his principles. Yet this art of *dreaming*, like many others, is dangerous, if it fall into unskilful hands. Thus, if a man who is poor, *dream* himself to be rich, and, in consequence, set up a splendid equipage, and plunge into great expenses; he may, perhaps, when he *awakes*, find himself a bankrupt, and learn, too late, that he cannot pay sixpence in the

pound. Such a man may be termed a bad *dreamer*.

" But the instances I have mentioned as they merely refer to *individuals*, may perhaps less excite our astonishment, than those which I could produce, of a *whole nation's dreaming*. I could multiply examples of this fact, but the most recent is that of a whole people *dreaming* themselves to be '*the great nation*' ; and actually bestowing upon themselves, on solemn and public occasions, that singularly modest title.

" Some of the sagacious neighbours of that *great nation* set themselves to work to inquire, what pretensions this people had to the title they assumed. They recollect, indeed, that this *great nation* had deliberately murdered their sovereign, and exterminated his family ;

that they had banished religion from their territories; and, to sum up the black catalogue of human depravity, had exhibited examples upon examples of more sanguinary madness, than the whole records of history could furnish. But these sagacious neighbours might have spared themselves the trouble of their inquiry. The great nation were merely *dreaming*, when they assumed their title."

" Nor, indeed, is this art of *dreaming* confined to a single nation, since in some instances it has been indulged in by the *whole universe*. I allude to those *dreams*, which, though *universally sanctioned*, have had the most pernicious influence upon the happiness of mankind; to those *dreams*, which have bestowed the title of *great* upon men, the fatal business of whose lives it has

been to cut the throats of whole nations, to desolate the face of whole kingdoms, to tear, with merciless fury, all domestic relations asunder ; and, to convert a smiling, happy, and innocent, into a wretched, despairing, and heart-broken, people ; when the term *good*, a term of far less import in the disordered eye of mankind, has been *perhaps* bestowed, perhaps not, upon him, who pierced into the bosom of the pestilential dungeon, to afford comfort to its wretched inhabitant ; who crossed burning deserts, to bear with him the meek consolations of benevolence ; and who ultimately fell a sacrifice to a philanthropy the most sublime, the most noble ; oh Howard ! what paltry things are heroes, when compared to thee !

“ I shall now dismiss the subject,

with one observation, that it would be well if men accurately distinguished when they were *dreaming*, and when not; for this would cure them of a thousand errors, into which their vanity, their pride, or their ambition, leads them. We may, perhaps, boast of the refined age we live in, and term our ancestors barbarians; but if they had their *dreams*, we have ours; and it is well for us if, during the influence of those *dreams*, we commit nothing which we shall have reason to repent of, when we *awake* in another world."

## CHAPTER XII.

As my father had a high respect for Mr. Classical, he proposed, in the course of the following day, that we should pay him a visit. We accordingly directed our coachman to drive to Academe Park, where we found Mr. Classical busily employed in arranging a set of ancient Roman coins, on which some female figures were inimitably executed. He observed that the superior style of workmanship which those coins exhibited, was a strong proof of their antiquity; it having been remarked by the learned, that the coins had degenerated, together with the empire; the

arts having gradually decayed, and then expired, together with the past fabric which nourished and invigorated them.

During these observations, my father had taken up one of the coins, and having made some remarks with respect to the dresses used by the females of antiquity, Mr. Classical was led to give his opinion upon the Grecian and Roman women in general. He passed a high eulogium upon the Spartan women, and illustrated his positions from the writings of the ancients. He was no less profuse upon the heroism of the women of ancient Rome.

"But," said he, "great as is my admiration of the extraordinary females of antiquity, it is but justice for me to declare, that I do not believe ancient Greece or Rome could produce an in-

stance of more pure and exalted goodness and benevolence than this identical age and country can shew :

“ —*Haud ulli veterum virtuti secunda.*”

I allude to a lady, who resides in our neighbourhood, and has been long upon the most friendly footing with my wife. I see your surprize,” continued Mr. Classical, addressing my father, “ this declaration surprises you, as coming from me—from a man whose attachment to every thing connected with antiquity, is almost proverbial.”

“ You have, indeed, surprized me,” rejoined my father; “ and would you but introduce me to this singular being, whose character I am, if you will allow the expression, quite in love with, you would extremely oblige me.”

"I shall experience much pleasure," replied Mr. Classical, "in bringing two such congenial souls acquainted with each other." My father, sensibly affected, bowed; "And," continued Mr. Classical, "if you and your son will take your mutton with me on the morrow, I shall have it in my power to introduce you, for I understand Mrs. Lewson will dine with us."

We returned home: Belville had engaged himself to spend the whole day with Colonel Elwick, and I took the advantage of my father's being engaged in writing some letters to steal to my aunt's house. This was a mournful pleasure, but I could not resist it. My wounds bled afresh as Isabel's name was mentioned by her little brothers or sisters, connected, as it generally was, with some act of affection, some effusion

of humanity, some spark of benevolence. My wounds bled afresh : but it was the only spot in which I could hear Isabel's name, and there was a charm in that name, which chained me to the spot, which made me hover around it, though it was poisonous to my peace, and though each moment I inhaled a corroding sorrow.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN we reached Academe Park, we found the party assembled. The most interesting, but least prominent, character in the group, was Mrs. Lewson. A slight and almost imperceptible shade of melancholy, at moments, obscured her features, which were generally animated by cheerfulness. She appeared to be about five-and-forty; her person, rather lovely than beautiful, was less formed to create, at first sight, an ardent admiration, than to steal imperceptibly upon the affections, and to acquire by degrees an ascendancy which would never end.

The conversation insensibly turned upon Life; when Mrs. Lewson observed, that it resembled a picture from the hand of a fine artist, which has large masses of light and shade, but in which the shade is generally the double of the light.

"In Life," said she, "are similar masses of light and shade, of pain and pleasure; but such is the lot of human nature, that the pain bears no proportion to the pleasure. Happy should we be, if the light in the picture were pure and unmixed; if no invidious shadows intervened to cloud its lustre, or obscure its brilliancy!"

She sighed as she finished her observation. I found that she had touched upon a string but too nearly in unison with her feelings, and I pitied her. At

that moment Isabel's image presented itself to my imagination, and I sighed !

"Your sketch," replied my father, addressing Mrs. Lewson, "is but too faithful a picture of Life, as it generally presents itself to mankind. How different from Life, as the common mass of novels represent it to us."

"True," observed Mr. Classical, "and if Mrs. Lewson will allow me to take up her comparison, I should resemble many of our novels to fine pictures, in which the artists have sedulously collected together every object which is beautiful, and in which all the objects beautifully harmonize; whilst they have as cautiously rejected every thing harsh or incongruous to the scene. Is it to be wondered at, that the imagination, responsive to the touch, becomes intoxic-

cated with the syren cup presented to her ; and, in the delicious oblivion of the moment, forgets that Nature still has her rugged and harsh features, though they appear not in the scene before her."

The servant at this moment entered, and announced dinner. As Mr. Classical was handing Mrs. Lewson to the dining-room, he lamented that the young lady had not joined the party, to which Mrs. Lewson replied, that she had promised she would make her appearance at the tea-table.

I supposed that this young lady was the daughter of Mrs. Lewson ; but, as her name was not mentioned, I had no opportunity of satisfying myself upon the subject. After the ladies had retired, my father and Mr. Classical en-

tered into conversation upon the subject of Mrs. Lewson ; and, insensibly, from an individual they proceeded to the whole sex.

" It is an interesting inquiry," said my father, " whether women give a character to an age, or take a character from it. It needs but little reflection to perceive, that society is refined in proportion to their influence; and, although the arguments appear most strongly in favour of the conclusion, that they take a character from the age, I think there is much to be said on the contrary side."

" Yes," answered Mr. Classical; " and you might prop up the contrary side by the opinion of many ancient philosophers. Even the Stagirite himself insinuates, that Sparta was ruined, because

Lycurgus did not, or rather could not, reduce the women to the obedience of laws, and thus make every part of the political machine move together. 'The consequence of leaving the women lawless was, that they soon rendered the men so—and Sparta fell. We will some other time resume the inquiry, and hazard a few conjectures on the subject. Conjectures modestly urged ought not to be severely censured—*hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim*; and now, we will, if you please, adjourn to the ladies."

We entered the room, and my father took a chair by the side of Mrs. Lewson. How powerful, thought I, are the sympathies of the virtuous!

As I sat carelessly sipping my coffee, the door suddenly opened; I turned to

look at the person who approached ; when, as my eye rested on her countenance, the cup involuntarily fell from my hands, and I exclaimed “ Maria Meadows !” for the exact resemblance of the picture I had seen at Colonel Elwick’s stood before me.

My father was no less astonished than myself ; but he had the presence of mind to inquire of the young lady if she knew who were her parents ?

“ I do not, Sir ! ” she exclaimed, as a deadly paleness overspread her countenance ; and she threw herself, sobbing, on the breast of Mrs. Lewson.

“ Tell me,” continued my father, “ were you rescued from the unfeeling grasp of the overseers by —— ? ”

"She was, Sir!" replied Mrs. Lewson, "and what then?"

"I know her father!" was the reply: "he lives, and has long anxiously sought her."

Mrs. Lewson involuntarily knelt, and the weeping girl, scarcely conscious of what she did, knelt beside her.

A momentary silence followed. My eye rested on the countenance of Mrs. Lewson; a noble, dignified warmth lightened up her features, and she appeared more than human as her pure orisons ascended to the throne of grace! The lovely creature who knelt beside her, though violently agitated, lifted her streaming countenance, and appeared to join with fervency in the pious gratitude of her benefactress.

My father now undertook to prepare the Colonel for the happiness in store for him. When we arrived at his house, he appeared surprized at the suddenness of our visit. My father took an opportunity of turning the conversation to the subject of Maria, and inquired of the Colonel if he had found any clue to the discovery? Belville, surprized at the question, inquired, "Have you, my dear uncle?"

"I cannot," answered my father, "positively say I have not; nor at the same time would I be understood as saying that I have heard any thing conclusive."

The Colonel sprang from his seat; he rushed towards my father, and exclaimed, "Tell me all!"

"Becalm yourself, my dear Colonel; Providence, in pity to our sufferings, often sends us relief when we least expect it."

"Say," exclaimed the frantic Colonel: "doubt is madness—say, is she found?"

"She is," answered my father.

The Colonel, dreadfully agitated, reclined for support against the wainscot, whilst Belville, scarcely less affected, ran to support him. In a few minutes the Colonel was sufficiently recovered to beg my father to conduct him to his daughter.

The moment we arrived, the Colonel rushed impetuously into the room, cast his eyes with convulsive quickness

around it; and, having fixed them for a moment on his agitated daughter, flew towards her, exclaiming, as he clasped her to his breast, "It is my child! It is my child!"

"My father!" exclaimed the weeping maid—"My father!" and fainted upon his bosom.

In a few moments she again opened her eyes, and knelt, as her father bestowed upon her his benediction. As she arose, she took his hand, and conducting him towards Mrs. Lewson, whose feelings had confined her to the spot, the weeping girl threw herself into the arms of the excellent woman, exclaiming, "My father, thank my more than mother."

"Madam," said the Colonel, taking

hold of Mrs. Lewson's hand, "Madam," and his voice failed him.

My attention was now excited by Bellville. He stood, pale as death, leaning against the back of a chair : as I approached him, he exclaimed, "Heavens, how like Louisa!" and rushed from the room.

## CHAPTER XIV.

I SHALL not take up the time of my readers with describing the happiness of a fond parent at the discovery of his daughter ; nor shall I dwell upon the pleasure he experienced, as he discovered that she was of a noble and elevated soul.

Colonel Elwick thought he never could repay Mrs. Lewson for the disinterested benevolence she had evinced, in fostering his daughter during the tender years of infancy ; in nourishing “ the sacred bias of her soul ” towards every thing noble and virtuous, and in

bestowing upon her every accomplishment of the lady and the Christian.

As Colonel Elwick's friendship for Mrs. Lewson continually increased, he could not refrain expressing some degree of curiosity concerning the events of her life. When we were all one day assembled at her house, she indulged us with the gratifying recital.

"I was," said Mrs. Lewson, "the only daughter of a clergyman, one of the chief pleasures of whose life was to bestow upon me a virtuous and rational education. As my father was particularly averse to those prejudices, as he termed them, which placed our sex in a scale so far inferior to that in which men were ranked, he endeavoured to call forth my intellectual powers, and to strengthen them as the means of en-

abling me to enjoy prosperity with moderation, and of enduring adversity with resigned firmness.

“ I had attained my seventeenth year without experiencing any of those vicissitudes of fortune, which elevate our hopes or depress them. I was accustomed to wander alone over the picturesque country in which our cottage was situated; for I admired the sublime, the beautiful, the wonderful in nature; and they were sources of continual pleasure to my young mind. In one of these rambles, an adventure occurred, which is intimately connected with the future events of my life.

“ I was sauntering along the banks of a romantic stream, which now moved with slow and majestic pace; now rushed headlong over its craggy bed;

here endeavoured to conceal itself in the luxuriant underwood, and there spread its broad and honest surface to the full glare of day, when my ears were suddenly assailed by cries of distress. I ran towards the spot, when I perceived a child in the water, struggling to save himself. At this moment a lad appeared on the opposite bank, who instantly plunged into the stream, and brought the little child to the spot where I now stood. Delighted with the brave and generous conduct of the lad, I took out my purse, and was just on the point of bestowing the contents upon him, when a gentleman sprang over the hedge, and came up to the spot where we stood.

“ ‘Stop, madam,’ he said, ‘consider what you would do, you would stifle a generous disposition by contaminating

it. 'My boy,' he said, turning to the lad, 'thou hast done well; how dost thou feel?'—'Oh, so happy, Sir!' said the boy.—'And happy, my boy,' replied he, 'thou wilt always be when thou dost good to any other person. Go on; and may that Deity who sees all keep thee!'

"Astonished at this singular address, I turned to contemplate the being who had uttered it. He was dressed in black, and appeared to be about five-and-twenty. His countenance was pale, but interesting; and his figure thin, but graceful.

"'Pardon me, madam,' he said, 'for the liberty I have taken. I admire the generous impulse that induced you to bestow your purse upon an action of generous bravery; but here you might

have done a wrong; you might have stopped the source of innumerable generous actions, by teaching the being to look for something beyond, the native merit of the deed, and the pleasure resulting from performing it. I am convinced that the lad who has just left us has a noble soul; and we should treat him as such; if I had believed that he had been mercenary, I would have added my purse to yours, to induce him to perform other actions of the same kind.'

"Whilst he continued discoursing with me, we approached our cottage, at the sight of which he inquired if the curate of the parish did not live there? I answered that he did, and I invited the stranger to enter. He accepted the invitation. My father, though surprised at my being accompanied by the

stranger, received him politely, as I withdrew, apprehending that the stranger had some business to transact with my father.

"I had no sooner withdrawn, than the stranger asked my father if he was aware that his rector was lately dead? My father said he was not.

"Do you know the gentleman in whose gift the living is?" asked the stranger.

"I am not personally acquainted with him," replied my father.

"I am," said the stranger; "and, though you may think me rather abrupt, permit me to say he will no longer suffer you to continue *as curate* to this parish."

“ ‘ May I inquire,’ said my father with firmness, ‘ whether he has commissioned you to give me my dismissal?’

“ ‘ This letter,’ continued the stranger, presenting my father with a large packet, ‘ will explain all; in the mean time I take my leave.’ ”

“ He arose, politely bowed, and retired, as my father impatiently tore open the letter, and read these words :

‘ SIR,

‘ The unexpected death of your late rector enables me to perform an act of strict justice. As your life has been uniformly directed to serve the cause of virtue and benevolence, I have inclosed you the proper papers to render you the rector of the living.’ ”

“ This letter was signed, ‘ Lawson.’ ”

" In brief, the stranger was no other than the generous Lewson, who had refused very considerable pecuniary offers, merely to perform this act of unsolicited, spontaneous benevolence. He now became a constant visitor at our house ; and as his character gradually unfolded itself to my view, I found it impossible to withhold my admiration of his virtues. It was the noble maxim of his soul, *Never to resist a generous impulse* ; and it was a maxim he never violated nor infringed. He made me participate with him in this object, less for the purpose of obtaining my praise than for that of accustoming me to scenes of benevolence and generosity. He carried me to the cottage of the lad who had so nobly risked his life to rescue another. When he found that his parents were poor, he trembled lest this bud of virtue should be chilled by

the ungenial blasts of poverty ; he therefore sent the lad to school, from thence to college ; and he now holds that living which my venerated father once enjoyed, and does honor to his patron's benevolence.

" As Mr. Lewson's fortune was large, his means kept pace with his inclinations ; and the country seemed to smile beneath the ray of his philanthropy. Whilst I joined in the general admiration of his virtues, I found I could not resist a softer sensation, which gave me a particular interest in every thing he did, and rendered me the happiest of beings when he made me his wife.

" Short, however, was the period of my felicity. My husband, whose constitution was never one of the strongest, caught a severe cold, which was the

atal prelude to that disease, which terminated his existence.

" When he felt the near approach of death, he called me to his bed side, and affectionately taking my hand, he addressed me in the following words.

" Eliza, generous and affectionate woman, repress your grief, as you hear, for the last time, the wishes of your husband. I have left you the whole of my fortune, perfectly free from every condition which could fetter your hands, and restrain your benevolence. I wish my death to be as little felt by the unfortunate and the wretched, as possible; and I have, therefore, left you the whole of my property. You know, my dear Eliza, the maxim I have endeavoured to act upon; I know that maxim will be the sacred rule of your

conduct ; and I die with less regret, as I shall leave behind me one bosom, which *never will resist a generous impulse.*' As he uttered these words, his head fell backwards upon the pillow ; his eyes closed ; I rushed forward to catch his last breath, and sunk in a state of insensibility on the bed which contained the lifeless body of my husband."

Mrs. Lewson here paused ; a silence prevailed, as each feared to disturb the sacred grief that overpowered her. In a few moments she proceeded.

" After the loss I had sustained, life appeared divested of every object which could charm ; and it was a long time before I recovered from the severe blow, with which it had pleased the Deity to afflict me.

" As I gradually recovered, the last

words of my husband recurred to my recollection. Yes ! I exclaimed, noble soul, thy wishes shall be obeyed. I will render life interesting, by making it subservient to thy dying commands ; for thou hast often said, that breast cannot be altogether wretched, *which never resists a generous impulse.*

" As I am, my good friends," continued Mrs. Lewson, " fully convinced that you will not impute any part of my recital, to a vanity far remote from my character, I have been the more particular, in order to gratify your wishes, and from an interest, which I cannot but feel in the events of this period of my life. I shall now hasten to the circumstances, in which you are more immediately interested.

" About two years after the death of

my beloved Lewson, I was passing through a village, when a mob, collected around the door of a large house, attracted my attention. I ordered my coachman to stop; and, as I was inquiring the occasion of the bustle, a poor woman approached the door of the carriage, and holding up a sweet little infant towards me said, that the overseers were debating what they should do with the child she held in her arms, which, by the unexpected death of the person who had charge of it, had fallen to the care of the parish. Touched with compassion for the fate of the little innocent, I should not have hesitated what to do, although the maxim of my lost Lewson had not recurred to my memory; but, perceiving that the overseers were by no means unwilling to have the infant taken off their hands, I took it into the carriage,

and drove away with my bargain. Never, perhaps, was mortal more bountifully repaid than I was, for this act of mere humanity. The child, by her innocent prattle, and infantine sprightliness, served to amuse me, and to dispel the influence of those reflections, which were but too corrosive to my peace. As I instructed her, or superintended the lessons of her masters, I seemed to forget my wretchedness. Her affectionate attentions tended to recall me to life, and to throw some degree of interest over the otherwise insipid scene. Besides, I often amused myself with depicting the pleasure I should experience in the happiness of her parents, when she was restored to them. Nor should I forget the internal satisfaction that resulted from my having acted up to the venerated maxim of my Lewson, a satisfaction I daily enjoyed. Small therefore is the merit of an

action, which has been productive of such happiness to me, and which was attended with little or no inconvenience, either at the moment when it was performed, or at any subsequent period."

" My dear madam," said my father, " the goodness of your heart is shewn in every expression you make use of. When you performed the action in question, you did not consider the consequences; you acted from the spontaneous goodness of your soul; nor have you any reason to deprive yourself of the merit of the action, because you, like many others, have experienced that truth, which the poet so beautifully expresses when he says,

" That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued  
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,  
Can never be divided from her chaste,  
Her fair attendant, Pleasure!"—AKENSIDE.

## CHAPTER XV.

WHILST the occurrences I have detailed were passing in rapid succession before me, I appeared to forget the sorrow which corroded my bosom. Attached to the amiable beings whom these occurrences more immediately concerned, I could not divest myself of a certain degree of interest, during a recital of events so intimately connected with their happiness.

Attentive to the operation of my own feelings, I began to felicitate myself as I discovered, that benevolence was not extinguished in that apathy

which had taken possession of my soul. But, short was the period, ere my feelings again recurred to that theme, which possessed but too fatal an influence over them.

As the novelty of the events ceased, and the parties more immediately concerned, paused upon their happiness, the image of my lost Isabel recurred with double force; as if the temporary peace I had enjoyed had only served to give my feelings an additional force, in order to plunge me still deeper in a grief that overwhelmed me.

My father, ever anxious for my happiness, saw, with trembling anxiety, the sorrow that consumed me; and exerted every effort to raise my feelings from the torpor that pervaded them. He dragged me into the gay



scenes of high life, and endeavoured, by a thousand kind and affectionate attentions, to attach me to that life which I was so careless of, and to the preservation of which I was so indifferent. Belville always accompanied us.

Inattentive as I was to every thing around me, I could perceive, that Belville's mind was ill at ease; and, though I ascribed it to the events which had recently occurred, and which, by recalling the memory of Louisa, had again torn open his wounds, yet I was by no means satisfied with an explanation, which gave so partial an elucidation of the circumstance.

We often visited the house of Mr. Nightly, where we never failed to meet a variety of, what is termed, *the best company*, a term which my father ob-

served was another instance of that abuse of expressions, which resulted from an unsound mind ; since, as he added, the *best* company can only be the most virtuous. Here we again met the little author, whom my father had characterized as a *dreamer*. The moment he met the eye of Belville, my cousin whispered my father, that he had some curiosity to know the little man's history.

"I will gratify you," replied my father, "if you will remind me of my promise to-morrow at breakfast." Belville did not fail to put my father in mind of his promise, who immediately put into his hands the following paper, which he desired Belville to consider as written by the little author himself, although my father had penned it, for the amusement of his nephew.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE HISTORY OF A DREAMER.

“I was born a genius. I wrote verses with fluency at eight years of age ; but my father, a plain matter of fact man, and more pleased with the rule of addition than with the finest poem ever written, burnt my productions, and whipped me, for, what he thought proper to term, spoiling paper. *Oh tempora ! oh mores !*”

“Disgusted with the affront put upon my genius, I lampooned him ; but this satire, which was equal in

vigor and force to any of the productions of *Juvenal*, happened unfortunately to fall into the hands of our cook, and was immediately, with the most merciless want of taste, pinned to the fat rump of a goose. Alas! had I been born in Athens, the cook instead of thus degrading my efforts, would have rushed, greasy as she was, into the assembly of the people, and borne this immortal proof of genius into an assembly of admirers. But these misfortunes, which would have crushed a little genius, only tended to rouze the extraordinary powers of my mind.

“ Nothing would satisfy me, but the production of some poem, which should, in the moment of its appearance, place me *above* the first poet of antiquity, and confer immortal honor on my age and country.

“ I began this exquisite production : but as I understood most of the Epic poets had placed their scenes of action on the earth, I determined to astonish the world, with the sublimity of my inventive powers ; and I therefore placed my scene of action *in the moon*. Besides, I had another motive for placing my scene of action *in the moon*, for I knew, that as none of the critics could find any ladder which could reach to that place, so they could not pretend to say, that the action was ill-placed, when they could not get a peep at the scene of it.

“ There were some other advantages attached to this plan, for as my heroine was not of very pure and immaculate character, I thought, by placing her so much above the piercing eyes of the vulgar, to place her above scandal.

My hero, too, having with a fashionable kind of levity ran into debt, would, like many other great men, be enabled to take the advantage of his *situation* and thus keep clear of the king's bench, by virtue of his *privilege* as an inhabitant of the moon, where, to use a descriptive legal phrase, 'the king's writ will not run.'

" Now, as these were the ideas of a most sublime and elevated genius, and the poem was formed upon them, I thought it must *take*.

" The critics, perceiving the resplendent merit of my poem; perceiving that the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Lucan were mere ballads compared to it; perceiving that it was by far the greatest of all human productions, and that, if they admitted its superlative

merit, criticism itself must commence a new æra, and adopt fresh rules of decision ; and that, therefore, their learning would be nothing. I say the critics perceiving these things, trembling for the consequences, and bursting with envy, formed a coalition against me ; and, knowing that the immortal beauties of the work would rise up in evidence against them, and refute all they could say against the author : they said *nothing*.

“ I determined to push my advantages. I wrote against them in a body, claiming the merit I was entitled to, but they answered *nothing*. Ah ! exclaimed I, Genius has at last conquered Envy, who is silent because she can find no fault, in a faultless production.

“ I knew that my fame must be

rushing like a mighty torrent bearing trees, and stones, and rushes, and pebbles before it ; and I hastened to the bookseller to know how many copies he had sold. He answered *not one*. I asked, if he did not hear much said in praise of it, he answered *nothing*. Now all this *must* arise from envy, and from the influence of the coalition. I know my work is read every where, and as universally admired : but as the bookseller will not acknowledge that he has sold any copies, he must, therefore, be bought over by the coalition, whose emissaries, more numerous than those of the lottery offices, must, I am convinced, be dispersed in every quarter, in order to depress and silence that burst of admiration, which the public are ready to pay to the immortal excellence of my work, and to the rare and original genius of the author."

## CHAPTER XVII.

AND now fair, kind, and indulgent reader, allow me to digress. Digress again! you exclaim. The critics will make thee rue thy digressions. Alas! I know it.

I behold some venerable critic, seated on the bench—his cheek pale with study; his eye-ball red with application—whilst an enormous spectacle bestrides his purple nose, and a ponderous and bushy wig sits, in majestic pomp, above his contracted brow. The leaves of a thousand critics are strewed around him, whilst the

Stagirite himself, in massy folio, serves him for a footstool. Hark ! he speaks ; my feelings say, he thunders. ‘ Bring up the culprit—let his accusers stand forth.’

In a moment the hall is crowded. A thousand confused murmurs evince the inclination of the accusers, and alas ! their power is equal to their malice. The accusation is finished, and the judge, with terrific gravity, pronounced sentence :

“ Prisoner, you are charged with asserting, that madness is the fashion, and thus lampooning mankind, when you yourself are as mad as they are. As you have spoken a disagreeable truth, you must be hanged ; as you have presumed to discover, what your neighbours either did not, or could not

*perceive, you must be hanged; as you have digressed, where a common-place author would have advanced in a strait line, you must be hanged; and as you have had the superlative arrogance to laugh at me and my brethren, the supreme and despotic sovereigns of literature, you must be hanged.* Though *you must be hanged*, you are permitted to say any thing you please in your own defence; and now what have you to say, why execution should not be awarded forthwith against you?"

"Please your worships, I am a poor author, and intended no offence. But, as I understood, that authorship was a trade which required no apprenticeship, I entered into it, conceiving myself well adapted to shine in a business which, if I may judge from the qualifications of many of my brethren in it, required

but little wit, little imagination, less learning, and still less judgment. Please your worships, I should have enlisted in the honorable tribe of critics, but I much feared, that I was deficient in that superlative conceit and dogmatic arrogance, which would enable me to damn works I could scarcely read, and without which no man can, as I am told, be a good critic."

As I uttered these words, a terrible frown trembled upon the brow of the judge; he seized his wig, hurled it with vociferous fury at me. I stooped to avoid the blow, and luckily was it for me that I took this precaution, for the wig alighted on the shoulders of a couple of lean compilers, and buried them beneath its ponderous magnitude.

The judge now seized his red greasy

night-cap, and condemned me to instant death, adding, that my punishment was too lenient, as I had rouzed him to that act of indignation which had been fatal to the two compilers, whose lifeless bodies were now bearing from the hall.

A thousand hungry critics now surrounded me, and I was borne along with the torrent. It was in vain that I urged, that I was judged by a court which had no power, save that of usurped force; that the laws by which I had been condemned were either obsolete, or held as such by all authors of genius; that, if I were original, I ought not to be hanged for what had been a great merit in Homer and a few others; that if I were not original, I ought to be pardoned for what had been overlooked in most other modern authors;

and that, in brief, if I had merit, they ought to value me as a rare author, and, if I had none, I certainly was entitled to the benefit of a certain traditional principle of common law, which was particularly lenient to those whose faculties were less bright than those of their neighbours. They answered, if I acknowledged I had no merit, I came within the immediate view of that law, which condemned modesty as a species of treason in authorship ; whilst, if I boldly asserted my genius, I ought to be a martyr to what was so uncommon in modern times.

Whilst these things were urged, we arrived at the gallows. As my eye rested on the awful tree, I could not help exclaiming, ‘ are all my hopes come to this !’ when a dry fellow replied, from among the crowd ; many date all their

excellence and fame from the moment, in which they were elevated on the gallows of criticism.

The rack was now produced ; and, I found that I was destined to confess, what I did not think, in order to shorten the period of my torture.

Having received a violent shock in my leg, I confessed, I had violated *unity*—having received another in my head, I confessed, I had not adhered to the dictates of sound sense and judgment—having received a twist in my great toe, I acknowledged, I had not adhered to *nature or simplicity*. In short, as I found that each shock took from me some claim or other, I consented to acknowledge, that a more insipid, tasteless, unnatural, ridiculous,

immoral production, never existed than my own.

Having made this confession, and signed and sealed it with all imputable ceremonies, as if a lie from its solemnity became a truth, I received a pardon upon the condition, that I should at all times and upon all occasions acknowledge, the divine infallibility of modern criticism, and confess, that I existed an exemplary instance of its indulgence which had spared my work though it was destitute of merit, and abounded with principles no less absurd than pernicious. How far I am, *in foro conscientiae*, bound to adhere to terms imposed upon me under such circumstances, I leave the lawyers and casuists to determine.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

As my health continued in a very precarious state, my physician, apprehensive that I should die upon his hands, and thus reflect discredit upon his practice, very kindly urged the necessity of a change of air and scene ; and my father, catching at every hope, however slender, gave directions for our journey.

I shall not, fair reader, detain thee with describing the many delightful scenes we passed over. We jogged on, like most other travellers ; sometimes we talked ; sometimes were silent ; some-

times we slept, with our eyes open; sometimes were awake, with our eyes shut. In brief, we paid our turnpikes, and abused our postilions.

We met with some people who had nothing to say; some who had too much; some who, with great talents, were contemptible; and some who, with no talents, were respectable. '*Telle est la vie!*' exclaimed my father.

We met with neither giants nor enchanters; neither with men disposed to trust us at first sight; nor to pay us for eating their meat, and drinking their wine.

Though this is a brief abstract of our journey, thou wouldest, sweet reader, be wonderfully entertained to peruse all the particulars of it, as detailed at large

in the journal of my valet Dick. Thou wouldst rub thy eyes, brush thy whiskers, take a pinch of snuff, and finish the book, just as wise as you began it, for it is written in the true *modern style*. It professes to give thee a world of information, but tells thee *nothing*. It is replete with sentiments upon every thing, but contains not an opinion worthy of publication upon any thing. It professes to be original, but tells thee only what thou hast heard a thousand times. In fact, it is now in the publisher's hands, and will soon come out in the shape of a *Tour, alias a great many nothings*, hot-pressed, on vellum, and dedicated to a *great ass*, whose likeness is affixed to the work, and intended to be transmitted to posterity, as if the species was in danger of being extinct.

I shall pass over our adventures, and give thee, reader, the result of our observations.

We found, that though a great city *may* call forth the virtues of a man, it is more apt to foment and nourish his vices and follies, and to awaken a thousand depraved appetites, which might have continued dormant in the shade of rustic life.

We found, that the insanity which evinces itself in vice or in folly; in other words, the insanity which comes within Locke's definition of "*opposition to reason,*" was by no means confined to the city, but that, though it was more prevalent there, it was to be met with in the country. It did not escape us, that there was a distinction in the vices and follies of each place; a distinction

between the motive of Sir John's depravity and that of the rustic Hodge: but the *difference* was not material *as to the fact*; if the instrument could not cut, it never failed to lacerate; and if it could not effect its object by policy, it generally brought it to pass by force. The *difference*, however, was essential, when the *consequences*, *as applied to others*, are considered. Sir John can contaminate, and excite by his example, whilst Hodge, in being treated as a delinquent, serves to deter others.

The *difference* is likewise essential, *as applied to the parties themselves*: a difference arising from the unlettered ignorance of the one, and the superior education of the other. When it is considered that a superior education, as it enlightens the mind, enables it more clearly to distinguish between right and

wrong : the man who has enjoyed the benefits of it must be esteemed a being accessory, in a great measure, to his own errors, if not the sole cause of them. My father, therefore, always termed the insanity of the man of education, *dementia affectata*.

The lawyers use this term in speaking of intoxication :—“ And if,” they add, “ by one or more such practices, an habitual or fixed frenzy be caused, though this madness was contracted by the vice and will of the parties, yet this habitual and fixed frenzy thereby puts the man in the same condition as if the same was contracted involuntarily at first.”

The same reasoning will apply to *Fashion*; for what is fashion but a species of frenzy? By the continual prac-

tice of following the fashion, a man loses all distinctions between good and evil ; and, under the influence of this inebriation, he soon begins to consider the laws of his Maker as less binding than those of his imaginary deity, Fashion, and thereby *an habitual or fixed frenzy is caused*. It is true, that this *madness is contracted by the vice and will of the party*; but, in the eye of Justice, this increases his crime; and the delinquent ought not merely *to be put in the same condition as if his madness had been contracted involuntarily at first*, but ought to have a further penalty attached to an offence, which his education, his reason, and his principles, as a Christian, exclaimed against. Nor can it be said that we have urged the principle too far, when it is recollect ed that the Roman law looked upon a fashionable man, who was notoriously prodigal

in wasting his estates, as *non compos*; in other words, as mad; and committed him, without further ceremony, to the care of curators or tutors. Now, if a man was by these prudent people punished as a lunatic for even the smallest and most inoffensive of all the symptoms attached to his disorder, what punishment would they have inflicted upon a man, who, during the raging paroxysm of his disease, violates all laws, human and divine, merely because it is "the rage," alias "the fashion," so to do.

"If," as an author observes, "we are to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has any unjustifiable singularity in any part of his conversation or behaviour, or if he swerves from right reason, however

common his kind of madness may be, we shall not excuse him from its being epidemical." If, I say, this author thought correctly, and that he thought correctly, the various quotations and reasonings we have adduced sufficiently demonstrate, there can be no doubt but that my father was justified in asserting, that "madness was the rage :" in other words, that men, generally speaking, were mad—*desipere omnes*.

The Romans are said to have sent all their madmen to the island of Anticyra, an island abounding in the herb hellebore ; but my father thought that no island in the whole world was sufficiently large to contain all those, in the present day, infected with the disease—so fashionable and so general is the disorder.

" You may," continued my father, " suppose a state of society in which there would be no occasion for *penal laws*: the manners of the whole people being so virtuous and pure, as to render *penal laws* unnecessary, and to realize the bold picture of the Roman historian *Plusque ibi boni mores valent, quam alibi bonaæ leges.* So, on the other hand, the multiplicity and severity of the *penal laws* of a nation may be adduced as a proof of the madness of the people. For, previous to the promulgation of such laws, the *mania* of vice and folly must have assumed many shapes; hence the *multiplicity* of legal ordinances, which, being found insufficient to eradicate the evil, are followed by *severe* edicts. Hence, to apply this reasoning to our own nation, it was with us, as with many other people, our manners were at variance with our laws; as the former

were more lax, the latter necessarily became more strict. Unless," resumed my father, "you could render men more virtuous, and in early life could instil into their minds principles sufficiently good and firm to resist the contagion of vice and folly, and to be proof against a disease which is epidemical; unless you could do this, you must expect that they will catch the prevailing temper of the day, and become no less mad, no less vicious and foolish, than their neighbours."

- From what has been said, it is sufficiently evident that my father had no idea of confining the term *disease* to the body; for the mind, he said, had its diseases; nor were they less numerous than those of the body; and, though we had no terms to distinguish them, they did not the less exist, but, on the

contrary, were more to be guarded against, because more dreadful, than those to which the body was subject.

"And," concluded my father, "so sensible were the Egyptians that the mind had its disorders, that they termed libraries *offices or treasuries for the diseases of the soul.*"

As this is the last time I shall touch upon my father's opinions, I have been the more explicit. I shall now quit them.

Whether I am a convert to those opinions would, perhaps, be immaterial, did I not concur with the philosophic Roman in thinking that those men who despise fame despise virtue—*Contemptu famæ contemni virtutem.* But I am more anxious to avert a censure, which

would rest on the venerated character of my father. If, reader, you had known him, you would have respected him; as you knew him not, respect the great authorities he has cited for his opinion. Respect Locke, whose name alone is a host; respect that sect which numbered Cato and Brutus in the list of its followers; respect the other great men whom I have quoted; and, lastly, respect the virtuous end which my father had in view, in directing me to give this imperfect summary of his opinions to the world.

Having said this, I have done. My father, now far beyond 'the breath of earthly censure, was a great and a good man. In me he has had but a feeble advocate: had he written his own opinions, the force of his eloquence would have been felt by his adversaries; and

vice and folly would have sunk abashed before him.\*

\* In taking leave of the opinions of "My Father," the Editor cannot but lament that the author should have neglected to inform us either of his own name or of that of his country. Europe itself, the very abode of morality, where ALL the men are wise and honest, and ALL the women sensible and virtuous, contains no country or people to which our author's descriptions can in the smallest measure apply. I cannot close this note without expressing a wish that some learned antiquary would set about the inquiry, and favour us with a dissertation, commencing some centuries before Adam, to prove the country and age in which "my Father" lived.—EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XIX.

SOME months had now elapsed, since we had left the metropolis. It was near noon, when we arrived at a small village. The weather was sultry, and we therefore determined to take up our abode here, until the heat of the day had subsided, when we perceived a sign hanging at a door. It was the only place of entertainment in the whole village; and we therefore did that which every other man would have done, we took the word of the landlord, and having read 'good fare for man and horse,' written in legible characters on the sign, we entered, and,

with no small profusion of ceremonious bows, were ushered into the sand-strewed parlour.

Whilst my father was busied with a friend, whom he had accidentally met, I was seated at the window of the room. As a deep languor stole over my bosom, I insensibly gave way to the melancholy sensations that oppressed me. I recalled the early scenes of my youth; my long lost Frederic, his premature fate. Alas! these were not the only events that claimed my tears. My cousin! my lost Isabel? I paused in painful ecstacy—was she not torn from me *for ever?* The world seemed to recede from my view. I saw the claims which mankind possessed upon me, and observed the line which imperious duty had marked out for me. I saw these, and yet felt, that my strength was ex-

hausted before I had entered upon the course, whilst all the powers of action were sunk into torpidity, and an irresistible languour had paralyzed my wishes and my hopes. I existed, lost to all the objects of existence; lost to all the claims of active virtue, a mere blank in human nature.

I was rouzed from this state of wretchedness by the noise of a mob, assembled near the door of the inn. 'She's a sweet creature,' exclaimed one. 'Ah! but I warrant a wicked one,' says another. I involuntarily put my hand to the bell. It was unnecessary, for the landlord appeared and told us, and the big tear stood in his eye as he told us, that the mob were conducting two poor young creatures before the justice, on suspicion of their belonging to a gang of gypsies, who had committed

many depredations in the parish. ' And God knows,' said the honest fellow, ' God knows, as to one of them, she looks too good to rob.'

He added, that the justice was a severe man, and it was more than probable he would commit them, for they had no friend to speak to their characters.

My father sprang from his chair ; he seized the hand of the landlord, pressed it warmly ; caught up his hat, and hurried from the room. I knew his errand, and would have followed him, but I was still too weak to move without assistance. In a short time, my father returned. Joy animated his countenance : but why should I detain you ; the being he had rescued was *my cousin*. I heard no more. When

I recovered, she was hanging over me ;  
but pale was her cheek, and tearless  
was her eye.

The surprize of the event was nearly fatal to me ; and I suffered a relapse, from which I recovered with extreme difficulty. As I grew better, i heard from my cousin's lips an account of her adventures ; which I shall give the reader, interspersed with such other particulars as I may think necessary for his perfect information.

## CHAPTER XX.

FROM the first moment of Mr. Z's acquaintance with my cousin, he determined, at all events, to obtain her. As he was not destitute of penetration, he perceived, that the conversation in which religion had been introduced had tended to degrade him in her opinion. He paused, for it was evident the conquest was by no means so easy as he had thought it.

After some reflection, he thought his best step would be to assume the garb of virtue. Aware that he was violating probability, and apprehen-

sive, that should he awaken the suspicions of my cousin, his plan would be altogether frustrated, he frequently, as if unintentionally, drew her into conversations on the subject of benevolence and virtue, in general. His arguments against them were such as she easily refuted, and such as he intended she should refute; but he took care that they should be weaker, and urged with less force, every time they were brought forward. In brief, he succeeded in removing many of her justly founded suspicions, and she believed him, in some measure, a convert to the cause of truth and of goodness.

Presuming upon the success of his schemes, he ventured at last to declare himself her professed admirer.

I shall pass over a description of

this scene and hasten to the result ; she politely, but firmly, declined the offer of his hand. She respected him, she said, for the goodness of those principles, to which he had lately owned himself a convert : but as she experienced no predilection in his favor, she felt it an obligation she could not deviate from, to decline the honor of his hand.

¶

It was with difficulty he smothered his chagrin, but he did smother it, whilst a plan, the most diabolical, entered into his mind. He thanked her for the candor of her avowal, and since he could not hope for the honor of her love, he requested she would permit him to rank in the number of her friends. Having said this, he arose and took his leave.

From this period his visits became

less frequent. He was now the professed advocate for benevolence. He appeared to delight in relating actions of this nature, and spoke with well-feigned warmth in praise of this divine and elevated virtue ! Too good herself to feign a sentiment she did not feel, my cousin suspected not the hypocrisy of Z. but gave him credit for sincerity ; when, from general sentiments, he artfully proceeded to particular examples.

When he believed himself perfectly secure, and perceived that my cousin's confidence was his own, he contrived to mention a case of singular interest, a being of a noble and elevated soul, struggling with the billows of adversity, and with genuine fortitude repelling what she could not conquer.

My cousin was all attention, her pulse beat with more vivid emotion, and the big, eloquent tear stood in her eye.

" Could it but be possible," said he, "to assist this distressed being."

" And why not?" exclaimed my cousin.

" She is a woman," answered he. " From a man, she would spurn assistance, and I know of no female, whom I could take the liberty of asking to bear a purse, which I could so well and easily spare."

" I will," said my cousin.

" Divine being!" exclaimed Z. "but when?"

"Now," she said, "this very instant," and she hastened to tie on her simple straw bonnet.

On this, Z. led the way, but not to an object of distress. No ; he conducted her through many intricate passages and streets, and at last stopped at a decent looking house, into which they were admitted. Not a word passed until they arrived in the parlour, when Z. threw himself upon his knees, and in language no less passionate than intemperate, avowed the object for which he had practised the deception. Over-powered by the suddenness of the blow, Isabel fainted.

When she recovered, she found herself in a carriage, which was rapidly advancing. Z. was seated beside her. He exerted himself, in vain, to calm

the agitation of my cousin, who, having made an unavailing attempt to interest his humanity, sat in silent stupor, without deigning to return any answer to the passionate declarations of the infatuated libertine.

To be brief; the first persons they met were myself and servant. The result of our encounter has been detailed. It remains for me to add, that my cousin, alarmed and terrified at hearing the report of Z's pistol, fainted; and was thus prevented taking advantage of the confusion that prevailed. She remained in an insensible state, until the carriage moved off with its wounded and groaning master. It proceeded for some distance, until it arrived at a small, but not inelegant though retired cottage.

The wound which Z. had received was found to be serious, and for a long time it baffled all the skill of his medical attendant.

During this period, he was confined to his chamber; and my cousin was free from his odious and detestable addresses.

Her situation was, in other respects, by no means enviable. She was in general confined to the house, unless she was suffered to range in the small plantation adjoining the cottage, an indulgence but seldom afforded her, and never allowed without an attendant to watch her motions.

The situation of the cottage was bold and picturesque. It was seated near the brow of a lofty mountain,

whose sides were covered with wild and variegated plantations.

At some distance from the cottage, a noble cascade hurried down the mountain, and poured the whole force of its waters into a fine river, which laved the bottom of the majestic hill.

As Isabel sat at her window, admiring the last rays of the departing sun, the sound of the hoarse cataract would float on the bosom of the gale, or gradually dying away, would cease to intrude upon her attention. At these moments, the peculiar severity of her fate would insensibly steal across her bosom, and affect her to tears.

Torn from the affectionate and fostering care of her only parent; separated from every thing dear, she ap-

peared to be destined to await the recovery of a villain, merely to become the victim of his licentiousness. As her eye was involuntarily lifted up, and dwelt, in pensive ecstacy, upon the beauteous plains of heaven, a calm sensation pervaded her bosom, for she felt that she should not be deserted by that Being, whose protection is safety. "No," she exclaimed, "never will I despair ! Omnipotent Power, it is thine to prove, but never dost thou desert the innocent." Her hopes were just ; she found means to interest a servant maid, who promised to assist, and accompany her in her escape.

My cousin was proceeding, with her faithful attendant, towards town, when they were apprehended on suspicion of belonging to the gang I have mentioned. Their cloaths confirmed the

suspicion, for my cousin had borrowed her's from the servant maid. My father recognized her in the hall of the justice, who, happening to be his old school-fellow, immediately released her.

As to Z., he was so much irritated at the escape of my cousin, that he suffered a relapse, from which he never recovered, but expired within a few days.

## CHAPTER XXI.

I SHALL not detain the reader with relating the affecting scene which took place between Isabel and her mother.

After we had conducted my cousin home, I set off in search of Belville, whom we had left in town, for the purpose of prosecuting his affairs with Chicanery.

He received me with his usual affectionate warmth, and congratulated me on the amendment in my looks. I thanked him, and inquired, what success he had met with in his interviews

with Chicanery ? He answered with a sigh, " none. I have," continued he, " awaited your return, for the express purpose of divulging my feelings to you, and of explaining my future plans. You are aware, that by far the greatest part of my fortune is in the hands of this rascal Chicanery. He succeeded to the property of my late agent, who, being a man of honor, had transmitted me those instruments, which would have enabled me to substantiate my claims, had they not fallen into the hands of the enemy. From this unfortunate event, I am deprived of all means to support my claim ; and, as I can neither hope to touch the callous soul of Chicanery, nor to recover my papers, I must even sit down with the loss ; in other words, I must begin life again.

"This would have given me little or no concern, a few months since ; but things are now essentially altered. The affection you have generously shewn me entitles you to my confidence, and I will therefore be explicit.

" You were apprized of the state of my feelings, when I returned to my native country. Indeed, you have seen the result of an attachment which, during its influence, threatened to overwhelm my peace, and carry me to an early grave.

" You have seen the result of this attachment, down to the period, when Colonel Elwick discovered his lost daughter Maria, the sister of Louisa. When this event occurred, you were present, and remarked the agitation of my feelings, at the singular family

likeness between the sisters. When the momentary shock had subsided, I felt an indescribable interest to approach a being, whose features bore so striking a resemblance, to my much lamented Louisa.

" I thought, alas ! how fondly, that the sensation of my bosom, the melancholy interest that pervaded it, was a pure and sacred tribute to that divine being, who expired on the cold bosom of Melton. Thus influenced, I approached Maria, who received me with a pensive warmth ; as the being who would, at the risk of his own life, have rescued her sister.

" She often desired me to relate the melancholy end of her sister ; and, as often, mingled the highest expressions of admiration of my conduct, with the

tears she shed for Louisa. This was too much.—Had an insensible levity, an unfeeling indifference, concerning the fate of her sister, marked the conduct of Maria, I should have despised her, nor would the striking resemblance she bore her sister, have screened her from my contempt ; but, when I beheld the same features, accompanied with the same noble strain of soul, I could not resist the charm which bound me to her society, which rivetted the wandering eye, and chained the heart in the indissoluble bonds of pure and chaste affection.

“ Yes, my dear fellow, I loved Maria, before I was aware of the tendency of my feelings ; and I am now hers, irrevocably hers, *for ever*. It is now, therefore, that I feel the severity of fate, in the loss I shall sustain through

the villainous avarice of Chicanery. A beggar as I am, I neither can nor will offer myself to be the husband of Maria.

“ There remains but one course to be pursued ; I will again draw my sword against the enemies of my country, and will cut my way to that independence, which shall enable me to demand Maria, or I will meet an honorable grave.”

“ Heaven forbid, Belville, that such should be your fate. Nor shall it be, whilst I have one guinea to share with you.”

“ What do you mean ?” cried Belville, interrupting me. .

“ I mean,” I replied, “ that you shall be unto me as a brother, and shall

share with me my father's estate, which is enough for both of us.

"Generous soul!" exclaimed Belville, as the big tear stood in his expressive eye: "No, that must not be!" and he rushed from the room.

## CHAPTER XXII.

A FEW days only elapsed after this conversation, ere Belville was agreeably surprized by the appearance of the gentleman to whom his late agent had confided those documents which substantiated my friend's claim upon Chicanery.

" You are aware," observed the gentleman, " that I was taken prisoner by the enemy, who instantly proceeded to dispossess me of every thing valuable about me. Your papers thus fell into their hands ; but when I was exchanged, they returned them to me, observ-

ing that they did not war with individuals, but with the nation. I now, therefore, have the pleasure of delivering them to you."

Though Belville was fully aware of the dishonourable principles which actuated Chicanery, he could not possibly conceive the circumstances which the papers themselves developed. They were, one and all, attested by the signature of Chicanery himself as a witness; who, it was therefore evident, must have been perfectly acquainted with a transaction which he professed himself totally incredulous about, and which he had resisted with all his power.

When Belville explained this circumstance to us, my father desired him not to divulge the event of his having

recovered the papers, whilst he would consider upon some plan to punish this Chicanery, this disgrace of human nature.

The next morning, Belville, accompanied by my father, Colonel Elwick, and myself, drove to the house of Chicanery, who received us with a profusion of courteous ceremonies. My father began the attack by saying, that we had waited upon him for the purpose of knowing his final determination with respect to the payment of the money due to Belville. He answered, "that he could not possibly reconcile it to himself to pay a demand of which he had no other proof but the Major's word."

"No other proof!" exclaimed my father: "Do the books afford none?"

"None at all," answered Chicanery.

"That is singular; but, pray, are none of the confidential clerks of the late agent in existence?"

"I myself," answered Chicanery, "am the only clerk he ever employed; and I know nothing of the transaction."

"Very singular!" answered my father.

"For," continued Chicanery, "if I had known any thing of it, the circumstance of Major Belville's having no documents would have been immaterial; had I known the fact to be as he states it, I would have paid the money, for, thank God, the late agent died worth a plum."

"Hypocrite and villain!" exclaimed the enraged Belville, "to what lengths has thy accursed avarice led thee; thou hast disowned a debt to which you yourself were privy; thou wouldest have driven me again from my native country, from every thing I passionately love, to acquire that independence of which you had robbed me."

As Belville uttered these expressions, a livid paleness spread itself over the features of Chicanery, but it was succeeded by a malicious grin, as his confidence in the impossibility of proving the debt returned.

"Sir," replied Chicanery, "it is well; I know nothing of your demand; you will do your worst. But, as you appear not disposed to put an end to this interview, I must take the liberty

of calling in some respectable friends, who are in my house."

"By all means," said my father, as Chicanery withdrew, and immediately returned, accompanied by some respectable characters, with whom my father and Colonel Elwick were personally acquainted.

This was the very circumstance that my father wished; for he was desirous that the exposure of Chicanery should be as public as possible, in order that the odium he so justly merited should attach upon his character. After the gentlemen were seated, my father briefly explained the circumstances of the case, and Chicanery reiterated his perfect ignorance of the transaction, and his readiness, had he known any thing of it, to satisfy the demand of Belville, al-

though no legal documents existed to substantiate it.

As Chicanery finished, my father turned to the gentlemen, and proceeded —“ There remains but one act of justice, which I hasten to perform. These papers,” said he, producing the documents, “ will not only substantiate the claim of Major Belville, but they will cover with infamy the man who now stands trembling before us—this Chicanery—who, though privy to the whole transaction, and a subscribing witness to the instruments which substantiate it, has solemnly protested his ignorance of the business, and has resisted an honest and just debt until this moment, when we are enabled to corroborate our claim, to his eternal confusion.”

I shall not attempt to depict the

guilty wretch, nor shall I detail the mean subterfuges he resorted to, in order to induce us to bury in oblivion the villainy of his conduct. Let it suffice, that Belville received the whole of his demand ; that Chicanery's conduct was the theme of public conversation, and was held up to detestation by all those whose principles were not contaminated by the love of riches ; a mania which swallows up a thousand virtues ; and which, under the assumed name of prudence, has beguiled those who think superficially, and observe not the poison that lurks beneath the specious term.

Yet was it admitted that Chicanery was a man of superior talents, although destitute of that virtue, without which genius itself is but an empty bubble.

“ To do great hurt,” says a cele-

brated author, "some genius, some knowledge, some talents, in short, natural or acquired, are necessary; less, indeed, far less, than are required to do good, but always some."

The character of Chicanery was but too unfortunate an illustration of this position. Chicanery was, in early life, protected by a man whose principles were of the most pernicious tendency. Chicanery did what we all, more or less, are in the habit of doing: he imbibed those principles which he daily heard inculcated.

We boast of the *independence* of our reason; and there is scarcely an individual to be found who does not persuade himself that *he thinks for himself*; yet, such is the shortness of life; such the necessity of acting instead of think-

ing; such the lassitude that will at times creep over the mind, and paralyze its powers; such the respect inseparable from authority and great names; such the prejudices upon particular subjects, that I never yet knew a man who thought for himself in *all* respects; and seldom have I met with one who thought for himself in *many* respects.

Many of our principles are instilled in early infancy, and are received, like *legal prescriptions*, merely because *beyond the time of memory*; many again are received from men whose superior talents we respect; many from books; many from tradition; many we know not how. Let us jumble the whole together, and the man *who thinks for himself* will often be found to be an *encyclopedia* of other men's thoughts, *alias* an opinionative hodge-podge, composed

of the dreams of infancy, the dogmas of talent, the common-place notions of books, and the prejudices of his age and country.

'To differ from these is dangerous, and never fails to procure a man the honourable title of madman, fool, or knave; so little is *originality* really in unison with the sickly faculties of "*that starving, timid creature, Man.*"'

## CHAPTER XXIII.

BELVILLE, in the possession of independence, had nothing to restrain him from declaring himself the lover of Maria. Too much of a lover to submit to unnecessary delay, he suffered a few days only to elapse, after he had completely arranged his affairs, before he waited upon Colonel Elwick, for the purpose of soliciting his consent to pay his addresses to his daughter.

As he entered the room, Belville could not but remark that the Colonel appeared to be discomposed ; but, as he received Belville with his accustomed

warmth, the Major proceeded to enter into the business on which he came.

Scarcely had Belville opened the discussion ere the Colonel interrupted him: "My dear Belville, you must be assured, that no event can possibly be more gratifying to my feelings, than to see you the husband of Maria. I respect you highly; and I believe that I should effectually promote the happiness of my child, by bestowing her upon such a man. But here I must stop. Strange as it must appear, I particularly intreat that for the present, at least, you will wave the subject."—"Your wishes, my dear Sir," answered Belville, "shall be obeyed.—But—"

"I thank you," rejoined the other, "for this generous sacrifice of your

feelings; the time will come when I shall with pleasure enter into that explanation, which I must now decline."

Belville bowed, and retired; he then hastened to apprise me of an event, no less unexpected than mysterious. What construction to put upon an incident so strange—what conclusion to draw from a reception so inauspicious—or what would be the probable result of an affair so ambiguous, we were equally at a loss to surmise. At one moment we imagined that the Colonel had discovered some reason to doubt the truth of Maria's being his daughter; but this conclusion was instantly refuted, by his having said, that he should effectually promote the happiness of his child, by bestowing her upon Belville. At another moment, we conjectured that Belville's fortune was

inadequate to the Colonel's wishes ; and that in selecting a husband for his daughter, he would choose one whose possessions were more considerable ; but this idea appeared even less tenable than the other, when we recollect ed that the Colonel was a man of acknowledged liberality of sentiment ; and that, had he entertained any such narrow views, he would have rejected Belville's advances, and not approved of them, although he had, for reasons best known to himself, postponed the present discussion of them. Lost in a labyrinth of perplexing ideas, we found it in vain to attempt to draw a conclusion ; and we at last did what we should have acted prudently to have done at first, we left it to time to solve, what we found ourselves incapable of unravelling.

In the mean time, Belville determined

to absent himself from the society of Maria. It was with difficulty he came to a resolution so little in unison with his feelings; but as the Colonel had not given an implicit consent to his proposals, he thought himself bound in honor to act, in some measure, as if those proposals had been rejected; at least, whilst he held himself bound to the offer he had voluntarily made, and considered himself the affianced husband of Maria, he thought that, consistent with his honor, he could not presume so far upon the consent of the Colonel, as to indulge himself in the society of the daughter, because he might thus insensibly engage her affections, and render her ultimately wretched, should the consent of her father be in the conclusion withheld from their marriage. Acting thus upon a principle which many may call romantic; a priu-

ciple resulting from love refined by elevated sentiments of honor, he held himself bound, whilst the other party was free, and preferred the inflicting a voluntary wound on his own bosom, rather than ultimately destroying the peace of the woman he loved.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

As I perceived that Belville was much disturbed by the events of the morning, I prevailed upon him to accompany me to my aunt's.

We found my amiable Isabel seated amidst her beloved little group; encouraging one with a smile, bestowing a kiss upon another, and instilling into the infant mind of each those lessons of virtue which are best learnt when learnt in early life. These alone can withstand the attacks of the world, can resist the allurements of pleasure, and live amidst the corrosive pestilence of vice; all

other impressions are in danger of perishing amidst the universal combination against virtue; but the lessons imprinted in early infancy, though obscured for a moment, are yet ultimately triumphant in restoring the being to the path of virtue.

She did not rise to receive us: but a sweet blush mantled her cheek as her eye met mine.

Whilst Belville was conversing with my aunt, I approached the charming group.

"My dear, Isabel," I exclaimed, how I envy you your feelings!"

She smiled: "Your praise," she replied, "has indeed made them enviable."

" Yet," I rejoined, " they must not have wanted that to render them most pleasing. Virtue, my dear cousin, is ever accompanied with her reward ; she is a generous, a noble mistress ; she pays each act performed in her service in a coin peculiar to herself ; in pleasure the most lively, the most warm. Say, Isabel, is it not so ?"

" If she sends you to praise me," rejoined the sweet girl with a smile, " I fear she is sometimes naughty, for she sends you to make me vain."

As she uttered these words, a servant entered the room, and delivered a letter to my aunt, who, having apologized, proceeded to read it.

My aunt had no sooner finished the letter, than turning to Isabel, she told

her that the friend of her youth was extremely ill. At this my cousin changed colour—"I will fly!" she exclaimed. "Yes," added my aunt, "it is his particular wish, that you should lose not a moment in hastening to ——"

"But," I asked, "how, my dear aunt, is Isabel to go? Will you permit me to accompany her? Do not refuse me; I will take no refusal," I added.

My father smiled when I told him of my engagement, and said, "he supposed I should not feel disposed to wound the gentleman, who went off with my cousin, *on the present occasion.*" I said, "No; I should leave that for my cousin herself to do."—"She seems," he retorted, "to have done that pretty effectually already."

Our journey was rapid, and a few hours sufficed to bear us to the mansion in which my cousin had passed the greatest part of her life. She was silent during our journey; yet, as the moon lent its unobtrusive beam, I could perceive the frequent tear stealing down her cheek.

As the carriage stopped at the gateway, a venerable domestic came to the door. Grief was strongly depicted in his countenance; yet a smile passed over his features as he recognized my cousin.

"My honoured young mistress!" he exclaimed, "ah! you will do my poor master good, he has so anxiously desired to see you!"—"And how is he!" exclaimed my cousin; "how is he, my good Samuel?"—"Very poorly, my honoured miss; very poorly, indeed,"

answered the good old domestic, shaking his locks, which were white with age.

My cousin sprang from the carriage, and hurried into the house ; I followed her, and was conducted by the aged domestic into the parlour, which was very tastefully decorated, and was ornamented with some excellent paintings from the pencil of my cousin.

I supped alone ; and having waited anxiously for a sight of my cousin, without success, I at last betook myself to rest.

## CHAPTER XXV.

As the morning dawned, I arose with a determination of walking before breakfast, and exploring the beauties of the surrounding country, in praise of which, Isabel had frequently been very lavish.

The mansion was seated in a fine park, which partook of the variety of scenery so remarkable in this part of the country. A profusion of wood gave a singular richness to each feature of the landscape, which was here softened by a broad piece of water, here varied by a bold fall, there interspersed with gradual declivities, and there

rendered no less interesting than picturesque, by the distant spire of a neighbouring village, or the less obtrusive, less venerated front of a white cottage.

An enthusiast, as I am, in the beauties of nature, I could not but admire scenes that she had so bountifully decorated ; and I ceased to wonder at the warm terms in which my cousin had spoken of a spot, no less remarkable for its richness than variety of scenery.

As I gazed with admiration at the natural beauties which surrounded me, I felt that scenes like these, enchanting as they were, had not the power to charm when Isabel was absent ; and I hurried back to the mansion, in the hope that she would make her appearance at breakfast.

As I approached the house, I was not a little surprized at observing a number of poor persons collected near the door, through whom I made my way, with some difficulty.

As I entered the hall, I met the venerable domestic who had received us at our arrival; and who, having inquired after my health, conducted me to the breakfast room. I inquired after his master, and he told me, that he had appeared much better ever since the arrival of my cousin, who had, notwithstanding every thing his master could urge, insisted upon sitting up by him all night, and watching by his bed side. "God bless her," added the old domestic, "she is as good a young lady as ever was born. Yes, Sir," continued he, "she is good to every body. As kind hearted a lady as ever was born."

Not the least pride in the world ; for she will sit down in a cottage, and talk to the cottagers for hours together ; and then she makes clothes for their poor children, and gives them good books, and will even instruct them herself. There is not a poor person in our whole village, but loves her ; for she is good, and kind, and tender-hearted to every body. 'There,' " he went on, " there is nearly the whole village at our door : it is true, they came to inquire how my poor master is, but having heard that miss is here, they will not go without seeing her."

As he said this, I saw my cousin pass through the hall ; and conjecturing what her object was, I took my post at the window, where I could see all that passed. As she approached the group collected round the door, they all

pushed forward, each individual endeavoured to be the first to attract her notice, to catch her attention, and to relieve the warm throbbing of a grateful heart, by an expression of its feelings.

Say, ye who know, what it is to love; say what were my emotions? A smile of pure, genuine, and animated benevolence, lighted up her countenance as she inquired after the health of all; and entered, with an interesting warmth, into the concerns of each individual.

As I contemplated this scene, my bosom throbbed with vivid emotion, my pulse beat with more rapid pulsation, and the big tear obscured my sight. I brushed it hastily away, it instantly returned; it was in vain, I throbbed like an infant; but I would not have

exchanged those tears for a kingdom. I threw myself into a chair, and no longer attempted to resist the powerful impulse of my feelings.

From this delicious trance I was recalled to recollection, by a hand softly pressing my arm, and a voice exclaiming, *my cousin!* I started—the identical object of my adoration was before me. I could no longer restrain myself, and I clasped her passionately to my bosom, and imprinted a kiss on her burning cheek.

Surprized, indignant, offended, she stood a moment silent; then, with the frown of conscious virtue, repulsed me from her, and was about to retire.

Conscious of the error into which my feelings had plunged me, I threw myself

at her feet, and besought her to indulge me with a moment's hearing, ere she condemned an action into which my love had hurried me. She blushed at the word *love*, and suffered herself, with some degree of reluctance, to be led to a chair. I then, with as much composure as I could collect, related to her the circumstances which had led to the premature conduct she was so justly offended at: and concluded with beseeching her to pardon an action into which a passion, no less pure than ardent and respectful, had hurried me.

I shall not attempt to depict the various emotions of her bosom, whilst I spoke; nor shall I describe the rapture that I felt when she replied, "yes, I forgive." I knelt, pressed her hand respectfully, but passionately, to my lips, as she arose and fled from the room.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

HAVING taken a hasty breakfast, I threw myself into the chaise and returned alone to town, my cousin refusing to quit the early friend of her youth, whilst he remained in so precarious a situation.

I had scarcely reached town, ere Colonel Elwick was announced. He was less agitated than serious, and after paying us the compliments of the day, he turned towards my father, and addressed him in the following manner. "I have," said he, "my dear Sir, frequently experienced both your friend-

ship and prudence, and I do not doubt but you will permit me to use both one and the other, on an occasion which distresses me." My father assured him he might command his best services. Belville and myself now arose to withdraw, but the Colonel desired we would continue seated.

" You are aware," continued the Colonel, " that I enjoy the greatest part of my property, under the will of my late friend, and relative, Mr. Elwick. This gentleman having no family of his own, adopted a nephew; bestowed upon him an excellent education, gratified the generosity of his own disposition, by heaping every kind of favor upon this child of adoption, who was also his heir at law. But the being whom my late friend thus

cherished, was totally unworthy of his benevolence. Of a disposition the most vicious and depraved, he was little scrupulous concerning the means of gratifying the boundless rage of his impetuous passions. The first decided action of his life afforded but too true a criterion, by which to judge of his future principles of action. His benefactor, Mr. Elwick, rather indulging his own native benevolence, than reflecting upon the unpromising character of the being he had adopted, had, in a moment of pardonable lenity, made a will, in which the greatest part of his large property was left to his nephew. Mr. Elwick made no secret of the transaction, being desirous of this unequivocal proof of his affection to evince the confidence he still reposed in his nephew, and indulging the flattering hope, that this extraordinary ge-

nerosity, would work upon the best principles of his nephew's nature, and tend to recal him to those paths of virtue, from which he had lately deviated so widely. The reverse was the fact. The nephew, judging of human nature from the vicious principles that actuated his own conduct, never felt satisfied with a disposition in his favor which it was possible for the maker of it to alter; and considering that he had gained nothing whilst so much remained in equilibrium, or perhaps apprehensive that his own future conduct would give but too much reason to Mr. Elwick to alter his generous intentions; he employed a couple of villains to way-lay and murder his uncle and benefactor.

" This diabolical scheme would but too fatally have succeeded, had not

Providence sent me to the rescue of my friend. I was passing through a wood at some distance from his house, for the purpose of paying him a visit, when I was surprised by the cry of "Help! murder!" I rushed forward, and saw my friend, with his back against a tree, endeavoring to defend himself from the blows of two villains. Upon my appearance one of them fled, and the other would have followed him, had not a blow from my stick brought him to the ground. To be brief, the fellow confessed that they had been employed by the nephew for the express purpose of murdering Mr. Elwick.

"It is impossible to depict the virtuous horror of my friend, at a discovery of such diabolical depravity. For a time he remained speechless: the moment he recovered himself, he sent

a message to his hardened nephew, desiring him to quit the house, and never again to enter it. The person who took this message was commissioned to add, that my friend would allow his nephew a small annuity, in order that he might have no pretence to imbue his hands in the blood of his fellow-creatures, merely to acquire the means of subsistence.

" Need I add, that my friend obliterated the name of his nephew from his will, and substituted mine in its place ; alledging, that as his nephew had forfeited every claim to his regard, I stood next to him in the order of legal succession, being, in fact, descended from a younger brother of the same branch. A short period only elapsed after this occurrence ere my friend breathed his last ; and I succeeded, under his will,

to nearly the whole of his large property.

" I had hitherto enjoyed my acquisition without interruption, when, a few days since, I received a visit from a friend, who surprized me by the information, that it was rumoured that the will under which I claimed was *a forgery*. I inquired from whom the rumour originated ; he told me that he had traced it up to the nephew of my late friend. ' And,' he added, ' as he is also the heir at law of Mr. Elwick, I think the report should be crushed in the first instance, otherwise it may eventually be attended with consequences, no less serious to your character than property.'

" I was surprized at the audacity more than at the depravity of the

nephew; and whilst I was revolving the circumstances in my mind, you, Major Belville, called upon me, and requested that I would permit your addresses to my daughter; an offer which at any other moment would have been most gratifying to my feelings, but which, circumstanced as I was at that instant, I could not possibly permit myself either to reject or accept, as the rumour might prove a mere idle piece of malice; but should it prove otherwise, might eventually tend to endanger my property, and place my character in a critical situation."

" My dear Sir," exclaimed Belville, " I admire your generosity; but understanding, as I now do, the motives of your waving the question, I can the less reconcile it to myself to be refused. Suffer me to take Maria for herself—

Let me hasten this moment to offer myself. In possessing her, I shall possess all that I ask for."

"Generous young man!" answered the other: "No; the very reasons you urge are arguments against yourself. I will not be outdone in generosity. Your love must, for the present, give way to my pride."

"I submit," rejoined Belville, "upon the firm reliance that your consent, let the issue of the present question be what it may, will not *ultimately* be withheld.

"To proceed," continued the Colonel: "I waited upon my lawyer, but did not meet with him until this morning. He immediately referred to a copy of the will, and inquired, if I knew

who the three witnesses were whose names were subscribed to it? namely, James Thomas, John Williams, and Peter Clarke. James Thomas was an old butler, to whom my friend was much attached, but he had disappeared, and I know not what has become of him; of John Williams I know nothing, and of Peter Clarke, I know that he was a valet in the service of my friend, but that he is now in the service of the heir at law, and is the chief instrument intended to be relied on to prove the will a forgery.

" My lawyer is by no means sanguine in favour of my cause. He says it will be extremely difficult for us to rebut the evidence of Clarke, although no less infamous than false, unless we can produce Thomas and Williams, of which there is but small hopes, as they have

not been heard of for some time. However, every possible inquiry is to be set on foot for this purpose, as also to obtain any other evidence which may tend to shew that the will is genuine and real; for there is little, or rather no doubt, but that the heir at law would at once ruin me, and reap, in the acquisition of my late friend's fortune, the rich reward of his consummate villainy."

Here the Colonel paused. My father took the opportunity to inquire, whether he had none of the old servants of his friend in his service at present, who might possibly afford him some clue to discover the residence of Thomas.

"I thank you for the hint," replied the Colonel: "It occurs to my recollection that an old faithful domestic,

who was formerly groom to my late invaluable friend, is still in my service; I will interrogate him, and think it more than possible he may be able to give us some information on the subject, that may ultimately tend to facilitate the object we have in view.

The Colonel then took his leave, accompanied by my father, who evinced the most lively interest in the business. They returned at the end of an hour, and informed us that the groom had often heard Thomas speak in warm terms of his native village of ——; and that, as it was from this circumstance not improbable that the old butler had taken up his abode there, they had determined to send off a special messenger for the purpose of ascertaining the truth. Bellville offered his services upon this interesting journey, and I desired to ac-

not been heard of for some time. However, every possible inquiry is to be set on foot for this purpose, as also to obtain any other evidence which may tend to shew that the will is genuine and real; for there is little, or rather no doubt, but that the heir at law would at once ruin me, and reap, in the acquisition of my late friend's fortune, the rich reward of his consummate villainy."

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"I thank you for the hint," replied the Colonel: "It occurs to my recollection that an old faithful domestic,

## CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was near eleven o'clock at night when we approached the village of —. The roads were extremely bad, and, in fact, almost impassable, owing to a heavy fall of rain in the course of the day. To render the matter still worse, we had but two horses to the carriage, with which we had been obliged to content ourselves, the post-master at our last inn not having any more at home.

We were slowly crawling rather than travelling through a lane, and had arrived within half a mile of the village, when we were startled at the cry

heir at law, who, on the scaffold, appeased the justly-offended laws of his country.

Let us now quit this horrid instance of human depravity, and briefly trace the sequel of these memoirs.

Belville, in the unrestrained possession of Colonel Elwick's approbation, had nothing to prevent him from declaring himself the lover of Maria. The sweet girl received the declaration with blushes; but it was by no means disagreeable to her feelings. Never had she beheld a being more engaging or more noble than Belville, who was no less recommended to her by his own intrinsic merit, than by the heroic and generous manner he had acted towards her sister. He was respected by her father, and approved by Mrs. Lewson,

and he possessed a congeniality of soul with the woman whom he so passionately loved. Need I add that he was successful.

The Colonel advanced a handsome fortune with his daughter, and Mrs. Lewson fulfilled the intention she had previously intimated, of bestowing half her fortune upon her adopted Maria, on her wedding-day.

Having thus brought the history of my friend to a conclusion, it remains for me to add a few words concerning my own.

The friend of Isabel's infancy lingered but a short period. His last act was that of unabated affection, for he left my cousin the whole of his property, which was by no means inconsiderable, subjoining to this voluntary mark of his

regard a condition not unpleasing to Isabel, that she should reside half of each year at the mansion-house.

Previously to an occurrence which made so large an addition to the fortune of my Isabel, I had declared my love for her; she acknowledged that I was dear to her. I feel that she spoke true; for the period of twenty years has confirmed her confession, during which I have experienced a thousand proofs of an affection no less firm than delicate and pure; and I should be at a loss to say, whether her conduct has been most exemplary as a wife, a mother, or a friend.

The day that made her mine was happy; but it was not more so than many others. We have enjoyed twenty years of such days; and our love for each other is no less glowing than it

was at the moment we were united. Indeed, what can exceed our happiness at the very instant I am writing the last page of these memoirs? The pledges of our mutual love surround the table on which I write. My sons are young men of firm and noble principles. My daughters resemble their mother: they are lovely, modest, interesting, and virtuous.

And now, Reader, farewell!—The shades of evening descend: they envelop the cottage of *Mon Repos*, and the hour is arrived when, with my family around me, I never omit to offer up our grateful thanksgiving to the Divine Source of all Blessing.

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